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JULY 28, 1952

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Thrill your sweetheart with **the gift that gathers more gifts!**



Attractive modern of blond oak with Lane automatic self-lifting tray. Model #2841. Same design available in White Fawn mahogany, #2842; and in matched American walnut veneer, #2843. Each, **\$49.95+**

Buy
now
and

Save \$10

on these

**Lane August
Sale Specials**

Now if you could, you'd hand her the moon and the stars on a shining platter—so tender is your love.

Yet, chances are she'd prefer a more useful gift—one that magically gathers more gifts—a Lane Cedar Chest!

For, with a Lane she'll own a little bit of her future home, a bit that grows and grows with every treasure she collects for it—the blankets, linens and lovely finery so close to every girl's heart.

She knows, too, that whatever is stored in a Lane stays wonderfully fresh. And it guards precious woollens, keeps them safe from moths and dust as no other storage method can!

During August, the Lane Chests you see here are sale-priced to "save \$10!" Take advantage of this offer and place your order *now*. At leading furniture and department stores.



IN THE ARMED FORCES? Send her the gift that says "I Love You"—A Lane Cedar Chest! Send money order and model number and name of person to whom you wish it delivered. We will arrange delivery through the nearest local Lane dealer.

LANE IS THE ONLY pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of 3/4-inch red cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations, with a moth-protection guarantee underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, upon proper application.

The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. L, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

**LANE CEDAR
CHESTS**

\$49.95

REG. \$59.95 VALUE

WHILE THEY LAST



Graceful Queen Anne lowboy in rich mahogany with drawer in base. Rubbed satin finish. Model #2844—\$69.95.*



Handsome modern of blond oak with drawer-tray in base. Lane patented self-lifting tray. Model #2845—\$59.95.*



Streamlined modern of matched American walnut and Paldao wood. Equipped with automatic tray. Model #2846—\$49.95.*



Distinctive 18th Century chest in glowing mahogany. Lane automatic self-lifting tray. Model #2847—\$49.95.*

* \$5.00 higher in the west, due to higher freight costs—slightly higher in Canada. © 1952, The Lane Company, Inc.

ALSO MAKERS OF LANE TABLES

1910



TODAY AS YESTERDAY, CARS RUN THEIR BEST ON THE BEST GASOLINE



1890 SCHLOEMER was one of the first U. S. cars built. Its "carburetor" was a wool wick dropped in the gas tank. Top speed was 12 mph—when it didn't catch fire!

1910
OLDSMOBILE

The "Limited" was a big, six-cylinder car capable of 75 mph. 42-inch wheels made it so high it needed a two-step running board. A thousand were sold at \$4,725 each.

1952
OLDSMOBILE

The Classic Ninety-Eight, shown below, is rated as one of the best performers on the road today. Its high compression "Rocket" engine delivers 160 horsepower.

1925



1925 RICKENBACKER used the "Hat-in-Ring" insignia of the 94th Pursuit Squadron on its radiator. It was one of the first U. S. cars with four-wheel brakes.



Ever since Grandpa chugged down a dirt road at a breathtaking twenty miles an hour, motorists have wanted more power. Not just to give more speed—but to climb hills without effort, give quick response in traffic and to provide the safety of reserve power. Today, you get the power you need from the combination of a modern high compression engine and "Ethyl" gasoline.

"Ethyl" gasoline is high octane gasoline. It's the gasoline that helps today's modern high compression engines develop their top power and economy. It's the gasoline you ought to buy. Remember . . . there is a powerful difference between gasoline and "Ethyl" gasoline.

ETHYL
CORPORATION

NEW YORK 17, N. Y. . . . ETHYL ANTIKNOCK LTD., IN CANADA



INDOORS

MONSANTO

Krilium

SOIL CONDITIONER
Special **MERLOAM** Formulation



OUTDOORS

Now...Year-round SOIL CONDITIONING

Apply Krilium soil conditioner any time ground is workable

Krilium*—in special Merloam* formulation for lawn and home-garden use—is now available in both 1-pound and 5-pound packages... This brings Krilium into virtually year-round use—the 5-pound package for outdoor gardening, lawns, borders and shrubs—the 1-pound package for flower pots, window boxes and similar indoor planting uses.

Krilium can be applied any time ground is workable! Since it remains effective for years, you can condition soil now and have it ready for later planting!

MONSANTO TRADE-MARK

Krilium—the proved soil conditioner

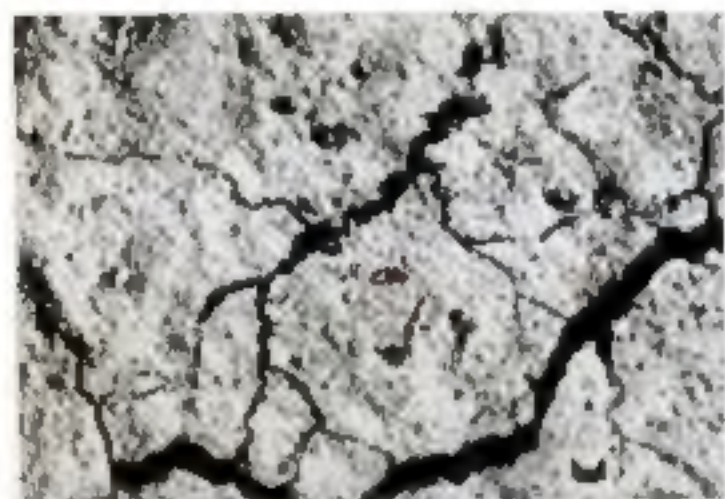
Krilium was not put together overnight and rushed to market to capitalize on a wave of popular interest in soil conditioning.

It was Krilium—and only Krilium—that CREATED popular interest in soil conditioning. It was the FIRST soil conditioner publicly announced!

Krilium was developed solely by Monsanto Chemical Company—was offered to the public only after years of continuous research and testing had demonstrated its worth. Krilium is a proved product!

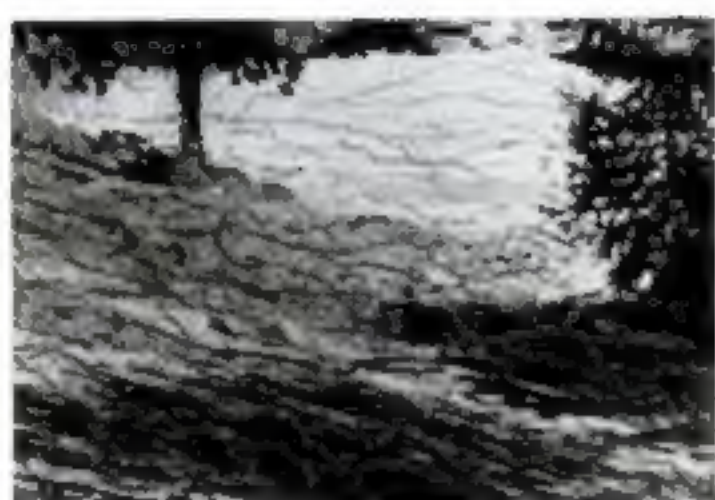
What will a soil conditioner do?

The mere surface application of any soil conditioner will not break up hard, crusted soil. It will not create good soil structure. That still has to be done mechanically and by hand—it cannot be done while seated comfortably on the lawn or in the garden.



There is no "magic" liquid or powder that will break up soil like this merely by applying it to the surface. But Krilium will keep soil broken up, once that has been properly done by hand or by machine.

To be effective, a conditioner must be applied to soil which has been broken down into proper particle size. (With Krilium, the conditioner can be worked



Typical example of a badly eroded lawn which was "repaired" by treating with Krilium to 1/2-inch depth. For root crops, treatment must be carried to the root depth, if it is to have beneficial effects.

into the soil at the same time it is being broken up. Only one dual-purpose operation is required.)

When Krilium is thus properly applied to "problem" soils, it results in improved soil workability, increased aeration, greater water-holding ability, faster germination, increased emergence, faster early growth, increased root formation, improved drainage, decreased erosion, decreased crusting and, ultimately, improved crop response.

Extent of benefits

The extent of these benefits is determined by (1) the degree of proper application and (2) the nature of the soil itself. Most pronounced effects occur in hard-packed, crusty clay soils. In finer silt soils, the effect is less noticeable. In sandy soils, little appreciable improvement will be noted.

Dry vs. wet application?

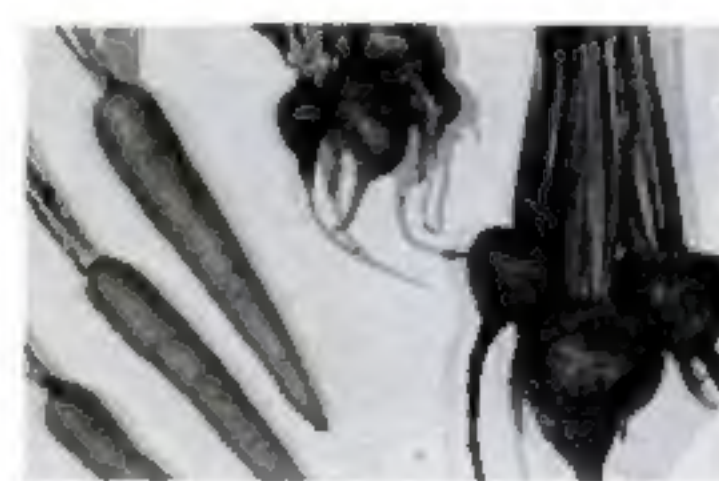
This question cannot be answered without first answering two other questions that are far more important—

- (1) How deep must a soil conditioner be applied to be effective?
- (2) How much soil conditioner is needed to do the job?

How deep?

In building a new lawn, or repairing an existing one (see above), penetration to a fraction of an inch may be sufficient to hold the soil surface in place during germination of the seed. However, this is simply erosion control—for real benefit to grass roots, treatment of 1/2 inch and more is recommended.

Root crops, such as carrots, beets, turnips, radishes, should, obviously, be treated to root depth to receive any worth-while benefit. This means that the conditioner must be properly worked into prepared soil to a depth of from 3 to 6 inches.



Garden root crops—turnips, beets, carrots, radishes and the like—should be treated to root depth so that the full benefits of soil conditioning are applied in the "grow zone."

How much?

The exact amount of Krilium needed to properly condition any given area to any given depth has been accurately determined by Monsanto. The home gardener is not required to do his own mixing, is not required to guess, is not liable to over-dilute or under-dilute... Positive results are assured with the worst type of clay soils simply by following application rates given with product instructions and on the package label.

Why dry application is more effective

Although Monsanto produces a wet-application formulation of Krilium for erosion control, it is satisfactory only where light surface treatment is required. Continuous field tests have shown that dry applications are far more effective for home-garden use, for the following obvious reasons:

Conditioning can be carried to any depth necessary to assure effective treatment... The user can see the light-colored dry powder as it is applied and worked in—can see the extent of penetration—can, therefore, be certain of adequate treatment... The user is assured that the proper amount of conditioner is applied because that has been predetermined by Monsanto. There are no dilution hazards.

How about cost of treatment?

Regardless of conflicting claims, there is but one correct way to figure cost—on the basis of depth treated!

For instance—with equal amounts of the Krilium home-gardening formulation, it is possible to treat 6 times as many square feet to a 1-inch depth as can be treated to a 6-inch depth, or 12 times as many to a 1/2-inch depth! Simple arithmetic demonstrates this to be most economical for home-garden use.

Monsanto's own supply source

The Merloam formulation of Krilium is the only one on the market today that does not contain acrylonitrile... Instead, it is based on a modified vinyl acetate maleic acid compound in continuous and plentiful supply—selected by Monsanto after original field tests proved it from 30% to 300% more effective than acrylonitrile, depending on type of soil treated.

TWO SIZES



1 pound

5 pounds

Buy Krilium with confidence!

Buy Krilium at your local dealer's for indoor and outdoor application. Use it with the confidence merited by the only time-tested and proved soil conditioner on the market today... MONSANTO CHEMICAL COMPANY, Merchandising Division, St. Louis 4, Missouri.

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lets you feel as *free* as this...



and look as **SLIM** as this...

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Playtex
FAB-LINED
Fabric-Next-to-Your-Skin
Girdles

PLAYTEX
known everywhere as
the girdle in
the SLIM tube.



"Meet the perfect vacation girdle," says famous New York designer, Ceil Chapman. "It's the Playtex Fab-Lined Panty 'Brief'—the girdle that keeps you slim as a stem, leaves you free as you please in all the versatile clothes of summer." The Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle is a whittling, sleeking miracle of all-way stretching latex. With cloud-soft fabric next to your skin, it's as light and fresh as your favorite fragrance. It's completely invisible under figure-hugging clothes, for it hasn't a seam, stitch or bone. And it washes in seconds, dries in a flash. It's the girdle that sees you through summer in slenderest style. You'll want at least two—a panty brief for active times, a panty with new "Adjust-All" garters for glamorous moments.

Playtex Fab-Lined Girdles in *White Magic* or *Pink*, \$4.95 to \$5.95. With new *Adjust-All* Garters, \$6.95. **PLAYTEX® LIVING® GIRDLES** AND **PLAYTEX PINK-ICE**, \$3.50 to \$4.50. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere. Slightly higher in Canada and foreign countries.

Sometime in his life,
almost every man dreams
of being a

BIG LEAGUER

"WANT the regular, Mr. Cunningham—medium on the sides and clipper in back? Fine. Would you mind holding your paper up for a minute so I can get this cloth set? There, that does it.

"I see you're reading about Skipper Drake, too. He's doing all right for himself, isn't he?

"Sure, it's a lot of money. But I guess Skipper is worth it. He's the best hitter in the league and a terrific drawing card. Guess the club can well afford to pay him eighty thousand a year.

"Maybe you didn't know it, Mr. Cunningham, but I used to play a little baseball myself—thirty, thirty-five years ago. Did it for fun, mostly. But I always had a kind of sneaking ambition to get on a big-league team. You know—play my way to fame and fortune and all that.

"Never made it, though. It's like that with a lot of kids, I guess. You dream of being a big leaguer or a great inventor or a captain of industry or something—and then you wind up just doing a job.

"It used to worry me that I wasn't on my way to being a millionaire. And after I got married and started raising a family I tried to figure out all kinds of ways to make a heap of money in a hurry.

"A little more off the top? Why sure, Mr. Cunningham.

"You know Ted Barrows, the New York Life agent down the street? Yes, I guess

'most everybody in town does. Well, Ted's the man who set me right about the whole thing, back about twenty-five years ago. He was in here one day, in this same chair, getting a haircut just like you, and we got to talking about exactly this sort of thing. 'I'll tell you,' Ted said to me, 'What really counts isn't how much money you make, but how much security and peace of mind you buy with what you do make.'

"Well, one word led to another, as they say, and before long Ted Barrows was back here showing me how, just by putting the price of a few haircuts into life insurance every so often, I could set up a fund for my family in case I died and at the same time start building something for my own old age.

"I guess the reason I'm telling you all this is that the other night Marie and I finally decided to sell the shop and move to the little place up in the country where we've been spending our vacations. It's nothing fancy, but it'll do—especially with our daughter married and young Joe working in Chicago.

"No, I never got to be a Skipper Drake or anything like that, but I figure I've done pretty well for my family and myself over the years, at that.

"Haircut look all right to you? Thanks very much, Mr. Cunningham—and come in again. I'll probably be busy fishing, but the new man will take good care of you."

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

WHY WAIT FOR COLOR TV?

For months, we've been giving you close-ups of Rice Krispies that look good enough to eat right off the page. But something has always been missing. Maybe it's going to take color television to talk to you the way KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES do at the breakfast table. When you pour milk or cream over these little cereal stars, they go "Snap! Crackle! Pop!" to tell you how crisp they are. But why wait for color TV to see and hear "the talking cereal?" Tune in tomorrow -- at breakfast time.



"snap!"



"crackle!"



"pop!"



GOOD THINGS YOU CAN'T SEE IN THE PICTURE
Lots of energy generators, plus
the natural rice values of
thiamine (B₁), niacin and iron.

"Rice Krispies" is a trademark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)
of Kellogg Company for its oven-toasted rice.

This One



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Cadillac



Jewels by Harry Winston

Where Prestige Is Practical!

By all the accepted standards for judging and evaluating a fine motor car—beauty, performance, luxury and distinction—Cadillac has long been recognized as the Standard of the World. . . . But in recent years, Cadillac has made a vital and important *addition* to this great list of wonderful qualities. We are speaking, of course,

about its exceptional *economy*. . . . The Golden Anniversary Cadillac stretches a gallon of gasoline over *many* more miles than you could logically expect from a car that offers so much luxury and performance. . . . And, of course, this is only *one phase* of Cadillac's great economy. There is the car's exceptional dependability—

its fine relative freedom from the need for service—its unexampled long life—and its extraordinary re-sale value. . . . Yes, it is wise to buy a Cadillac even for economy. And *that*, of course, means that it's wise to buy a Cadillac for *every reason in the world!* . . . Why not come in and see this Golden Anniversary creation—today?

YOUR CADILLAC DEALER

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

ARLENE DAHL

Sirs:
Re "Boudoir Business" (LIFE, July 7) and your cover photo: What precocity! What vitality! What a tender morsel of protoplasmic oomph!

W. DARROLET
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:
Do men really prefer "tousled temptresses"? Her hair looks as though she gave it a thorough treatment with a rotary egg-beater.

BARBARA PEEK
Hamilton, Mass.

Sirs:
Tousled temptress? Arlene's cover photo looks more like a rag Dahl.

MRS. DONALD N. FINCH
Elgin, Ill.

Sirs:
Marketing her lingerie,
She stirs me not at all.
I'll wait until they mass produce
The well-designed Miss Dahl.

JOHN MAGNUSON
Chicago, Ill.

THE WHITE HOUSE

Sirs:
The rooms are just beautiful ("The White House Redecorated," LIFE, July 7) and I'm sure I have plenty of company when I say that this is one renovating job we Americans didn't mind paying for!

However, how much did it cost?
MRS. DONALD S. WARRICK
Montville, N. J.

● Total cost, including landscaping: \$5.7 million.—ED.

Sirs:
I was saddened to see that the once stately White House interiors have been redone in such poor taste. The potted palms are reminiscent of late 19th Century funeral décor. In the State Dining Room the ugly dark marble fireplace garnished by palms in gold cuspidors is out of keeping with the light spaciousness of the rest of the room.

In the Blue Room the wallpaper is gaudy. It is a well-proportioned room enmeshed peripherally by a clutter of kickshaws and trumperies. . . .

PRUDENCE BOBROW
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:
I believe that you will find on closer inspection that the portrait you show in the Green Room of the White House is of John Quincy, rather than John, Adams.

GERALD BRIDGES
Estes Park, Colo.

● The portrait is of John Quincy, sixth president, son of John, second president.—ED.

SEYMOUR'S SINFUL YOUTH

Sirs:
Because my family founded Seymour, Ind., the town described in "Seymour Relives Its Sinful Youth" (LIFE, July 7), I have done some digging into the story of the Reno Gang.

There were five Reno brothers but only four headed the Gang. Besides committing the country's first four train robberies, they raided banks and

county treasuries in five states. In 1868 Allan Pinkerton (below), founder of Pinkerton's detective agency, deliberately had John Reno kidnaped from Seymour when it proved impossible to



extradite him to Missouri (where he was wanted for robbery). John was tried in Gallatin, Mo. and sent to the state penitentiary. Frank Reno, who then took over the Gang, escaped to Canada after several other serious crimes. . . .

Pinkerton obtained President Andrew Johnson's personal warrant for Frank's arrest, and served it on the governor-general of Canada. Frank and his accomplices hired an assassin to kill Pinkerton. The pistol misfired and the ball passed through the detective's coat. Frank later joined the rest of his gang in the New Albany, Ind. jail.

The Reno brothers were the only men in the history of the U.S. ever lynched from federal custody. A mob of angry vigilantes seized an entire train at Seymour, went to New Albany, put the town under martial law, shot the sheriff, overpowered the guards, took the Renos, beat them up and hanged them. The mob wore hideous scarlet masks and coats turned inside out.

The lynching violated the terms of Canada's extradition and created an international incident. The U.S. Department of State officially apologized to Her Majesty's Government. But the vigilantes were never punished.

REV. ROBERT W. SHIELDS
First Congregational Church
Alcester, S. Dak.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

Sirs:
It was nice to drop in at 221a Baker Street ("Room Where Sherlock Holmes Lived," LIFE, July 7) and see the place where Conan Doyle's legendary detective lived.

I venture the guess that the picture just under the gas light above the mantel is of Sarasate, the famous composer and violinist whom Holmes used to like to hear in concert. But where is the violin which Sherlock used to play to accompany his meditations?

HENRY NICHOLSON
Rochester, N. Y.

● The picture is of Paganini, whom Holmes favored even over Sarasate. The violin is by the fireplace and did not show in LIFE's photo.—ED.

ROBINSON VS. MAXIM

Sirs:
After reading your article, "Sugar Melts In 104° Heat" (LIFE, July 7), this old-fashioned, oldtime LIFE reader scrapes cobwebs from the typer and opines as follows:

a) Robinson won the fight.
b) Maxim should be kicked out of boxing for allowing the weather (to which he was immune) to get so hot.
c) Although Maxim took everything Sugar could deal, he was cad enough to have enough strength left to store his

man in the 13th. What a heel! Why couldn't he have carried Ray along for the distance?

Frankly, LIFE, to an American who believes in fair play, your article stinks.

R. J. MERRILL
Las Vegas, Nev.

FABULOUS COUNTRY

Sirs:
Charles Laughton's personal anthology of America is supreme ("The Only Fabulous Country," LIFE, July 7). For one who loves Wolfe, Irving and Twain, who knows the Hudson's cottony fog and the Mississippi's heavy majesty, who marvels at America and America's describers, our friend Laughton has excelled again.

JAMES M. CAMPBELL
Sherman, Texas

Sirs:
Why let Charles Laughton unload such "selections" into the homes of the American people? He can read to himself hereafter.

E. E. MINES
Miami, Fla.

Sirs:
Congratulations on the superb photograph of a Mississippi River steamboat in full career. Mark Twain himself, I feel certain, would have felt at home in the 20th Century stern-wheeler so admirably depicted.

CYRIL CLEMENS
President
International Mark Twain Society
Webster Groves, Mo.

Sirs:
None of Charles Laughton's selections have any reference to what really has made America great, her churches and her spiritual heritage. Here's what Alexis de Tocqueville saw in America on his visit a century ago:

"I sought for the greatness and genius of America in her commodious harbours and her ample rivers, and it was not there; in the fertile fields and boundless prairies, and it was not there; in her rich mines and her vast world commerce, and it was not there. Not until I went into the churches of America, and heard her pulpits aflame with righteousness, did I understand the secret of her genius and power. America is great because she is good, and if America ever ceases to be good, America will cease to be great."

REV. VICTOR G. DAWE
The First Presbyterian Church
Framingham, Mass.

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EVERY ONE—

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"Made in America - Best in the World"

HOW AMERICAN GIRLS SIT (ACCORDING TO THE ENGLISH)



SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

Three starlets from England demonstrate some Anglo-American misconceptions

AMERICAN GIRLS AT THE DRUGSTORE



ENGLISH GIRLS HAVING A CUP OF TEA



HOW ENGLISH GIRLS SIT (ACCORDING TO THE AMERICANS)



Joan Elan, Dorothy Bromiley and Audrey Dalton (see cover) are three British starlets who were brought to Hollywood for roles in a Paramount picture called *Pleasure Island* in which they play a trio of prim British sisters exposed to U.S. Navy influence on a South Pacific

island. The trio had never been across the Atlantic before, but three months in California has made them experts in the peculiar ideas Britain and the U.S. have of the other. For Photographer John Engstead they here demonstrate first an English conception of what

American girls are like—sultry, giggling, fervidly leave-taking, jitterbugging; then America's conception of English girl—demure, tea-drinking, shuddering at the idea of a goodnight kiss, dancing with straight backs (next page) at a good yard's distance from their escorts.

'GOODNIGHT' IN THE U.S.




'GOODNIGHT' IN ENGLAND



Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
STOPS BAD BREATH
AND
STOPS DECAY BEST!

Colgate Dental Cream Instantly Stops Bad Breath
 In 7 Out of 10 Cases That Originate In the Mouth!



**COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
 MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL
 CLEANER LONGER!**

Colgate Dental Cream cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth! Yes, brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a clean, fresh mouth all day long! Scientific tests prove that in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's instantly stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. No other toothpaste has proved so completely it stops bad breath. And no other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!



**AND THE COLGATE WAY
 STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!**

Yes, the best way is the Colgate way! Brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. In fact, the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the best way is the Colgate way!



**COLGATE
 RIBBON DENTAL CREAM**

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE
 OF ANY KIND WHATSOEVER
 OFFERS SUCH CONCLUSIVE PROOF!

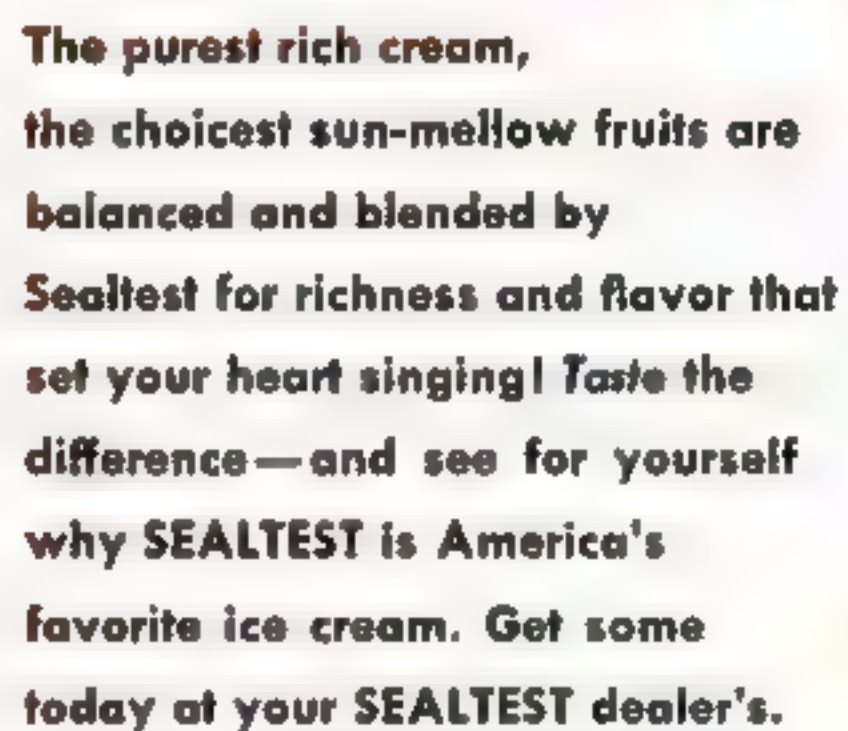
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 WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!**

AMERICAN GIRLS DANCING



ENGLISH GIRLS DANCING





GET THE BEST... GET SEALTEST

See a circus every Saturday
on TV — SEALTEST BIG TOP.
Consult your paper
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Mrs. Bert Lahr

says:

*"I love to see a man
smoke a Cigarillo"*

and BERT LAHR says:

"I take Cigarillos every time because
they're mild, yet give real smoking
pleasure... Neat, stylish and manly
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and much more satisfying... I also
like to smoke them in a holder."

● For Limited Time Only. To get this custom-built holder
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10 Robt. Burns Cigarillo bands and 50¢ to P.O. Box
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Robt. Burns

Cigarillos

5¢
EACH



Bert Lahr, distinguished comedian of stage and screen, in his
library with his magnificent collection of deluxe books.

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LIFE'S COVER

Playwright F. Hugh Herbert (*The Moon Is Blue*) went to England last winter to find three "fresh, young and inexperienced" actresses to appear in a film for which he had written the script. He found them in the persons of (top to bottom) Joan Egan, 22, a native of Ceylon; Dorothy Bromiley, 21; and Audrey Dalton, 18, daughter of an Irish revolutionary. For their impressions of America, see pages 8-10. For an American's impressions of them, Life consulted a film editor at Paramount, who said, "The Bromiley dame is a pixie, Dalton is ladylike, but the third one is hard to dig."

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says
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O'Brien

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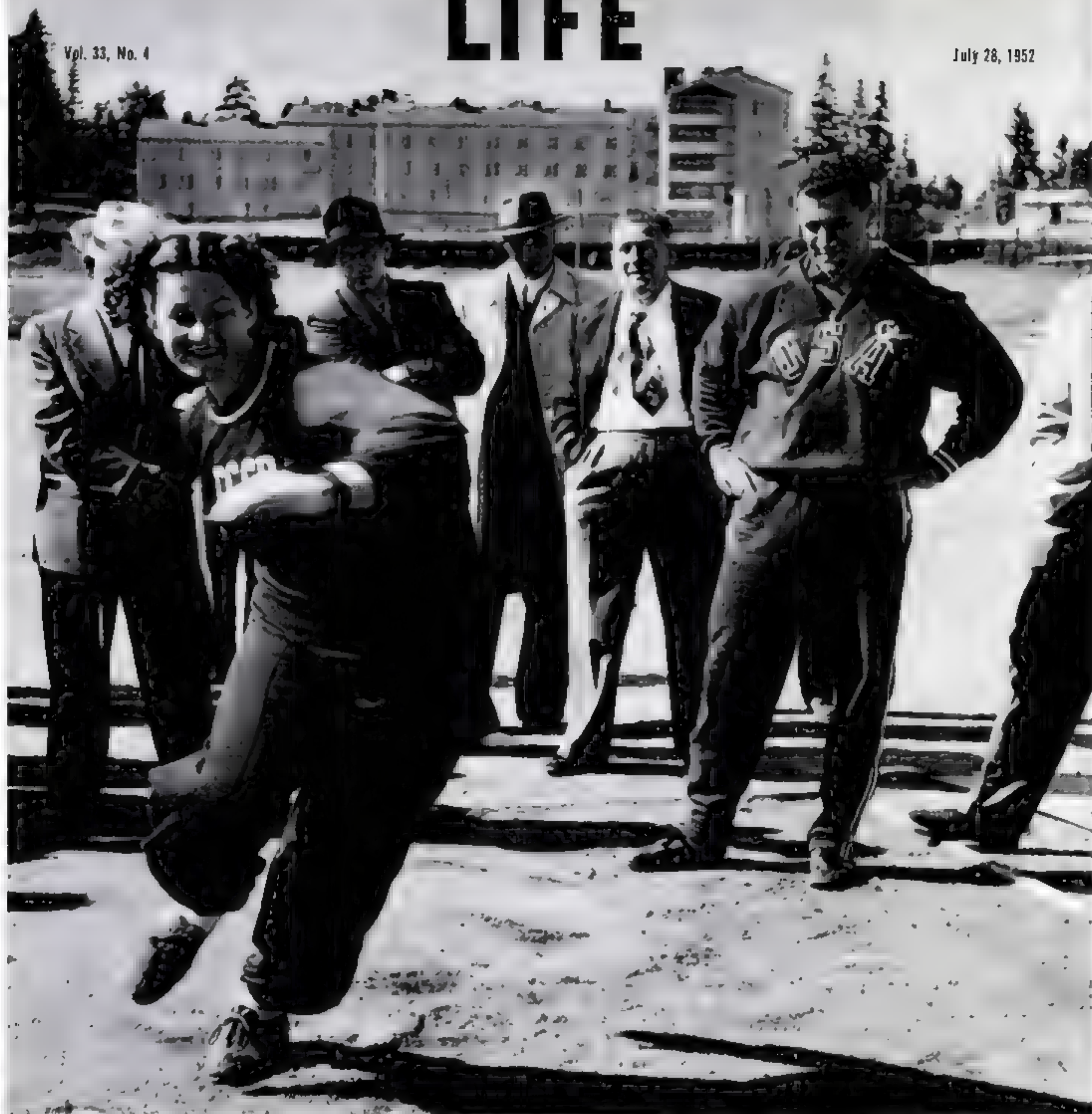
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WHISTLING LIKE DISCUS IN FLIGHT U.S.S.R. WORLD CHAMPION NINA DUMBADZE SHOWS JIM FUCHS, U.S. WORLD CHAMPION SHOT-PUTTER, HER TITLE FORM

MUSCLES POP THROUGH IRON CURTAIN

Neither spoke the other's language, but the world's best shot-putter and the world's best woman discus thrower struck up an easygoing friendship in Helsinki last week. Their muscular camaraderie, as the champions of 69 nations assembled for the Olympics, startled onlookers not because they made friends by sign language, but because they were a boy from the U.S. and a woman from the U.S.S.R.

Soviet Russia was competing in the Olympics for the first time, and the sight of a Soviet sweat shirt was so unfamiliar that Westerners

had trouble understanding that its red CCCP lettering stood for *Soyuz Sovetskikh Sotzialisticheskikh Respublik* (U.S.S.R. in its native form). The Russian officials at first were surly and standoffish. They scorned the Olympic village. Finally they bedded down the performers in Iron Curtain quarters an aloof 12 miles from Western contenders. But surprisingly the athletes themselves lifted the muscle curtain. American and Russian oarsmen got together to swap opinions of racing shells. Visiting Americans were officially welcomed at the Russian

camp. Thirty Russians visited the Olympic village and were soon laughing, gabbing and exchanging finger-talk in carefree amiability.

A Soviet swimmer, explaining this unexpected joviality, said the Russians were on a "peace mission." Westerners suspected the Kremlin had belatedly passed the word that amiability would make good propaganda. But there was no doubt about the overriding purpose—having perfected 400 state-financed hunks of machine-made muscle (*following pages*), Russia intended to beat the amateurism out of the West.

HOW REDS 'MOBILIZED'

HELSINKI

After the most secretive and intense preparations in the history of world sports, the Russians show supreme confidence. During the last four years they have set out to make themselves some athletic heroes as part of a huge sports program involving 30 million Russians. Last year alone they spent 16 billion rubles (\$4 billion at the pegged rate of 4 to 1).

In Moscow alone there are 28 stadiums and some 250 smaller athletic halls. Athletes flow through them in three shifts of eight hours each. Wrestlers and gymnasts work in front of mirrors. In solemn silence, weight lifters hoist two or three tons an hour with methodically bulging biceps. At Metro Stadium, home of the railway workers' Locomotive Club, a towering Russian, wearing more braid than a Mexican general, presides. When asked, "How many members have you?" he raises his hands and says, "Oh hundreds of thousands." The plant itself, built by the members, has a soccer field, swimming pool, five tennis courts, two basketball courts and three volleyball courts. Yet it cannot compare with Dynamo, the Moscow police workers' club, which uses luxurious Persian rugs as mats for gymnasts and provides special nickel-plated barbells for weight men. The soccer players' lounge is a thing of cushioned beauty, and there is a battery of sun lamps.

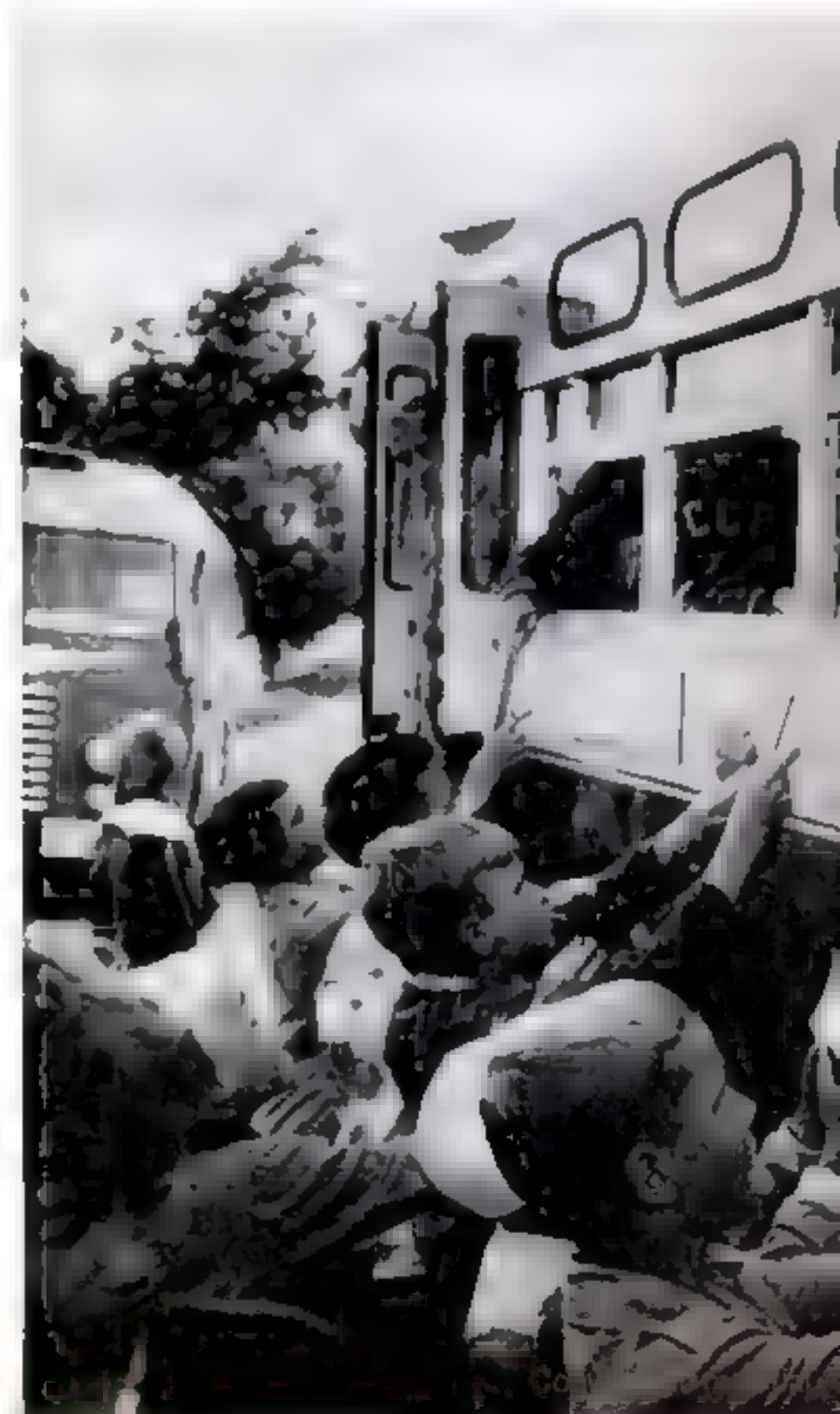
Russia's great new emphasis on sports began after the Olympic games of 1936. Prior to that Soviet authorities debated for months whether to send a team. Finally the deadline passed with no Russian team entered. Instead of athletes Russia sent a corps of observers, all of whom got writer's cramp from making notes. Then they vanished back behind the Curtain. In December 1948 word from the Kremlin flashed across the eight time zones from Riga to Vladivostok. Party workers and commissars quivered to attention, and then, having received their directives, they turned their minds and energies toward mass sport. In each village, city, province or republic the aims and responsibilities of the sports problem were clearly defined. The great movement ground forward. Compared to it, the German movement toward regimented athletics under Hitler, which blossomed in the 1936 Olympics, was as gentle raindrops to the roar of the Volga. Yet both programs had the same thing in common. They were short cuts to national health and physical fitness, politically inspired and designed ultimately for propaganda purposes.

Somewhere among Russia's 200 million husky, rawboned citizens was the material for champions. With infinite thoroughness the Soviets went about the task of finding and developing it. Every able-bodied young man and athletically inclined woman at every crossroads throughout the land was tested for aptitude. Then the results were filed and indexed. Citizens whose tests showed indications of talent were fed into the machine and later spewed out as fencers, soccer players and hop, skip and jumpers.

BUSHEL-HEAD BORIS (last name: Matveef), grimacing at the sky, cranks up his muscles and his swirling unshorn locks while practicing the discus throw.

WITH POSIES ON TABLE AND RED HEROES ON WALL, ATHLETES EAT MEAL COOKED BY 20 RUSSIAN CHEFS

AUTOGRAPH-CHASING FINNISH KIDS MOB A BUS



TO WIN OLYMPIC 'WAR'

by MARSHALL SMITH *Life's Sports Editor*

The broad base of this movement was the small athletic unit known as the sports "collective." These sprang up by the thousands. Athletes were seen going through their paces in thousands of halls and stadiums. At first there was a critical shortage of coaches and instructors but they, too, were being ground out in 50 physical culture schools. From the "collective" an athlete showing special talent moved up to a "club." There was at least a score of leading clubs. Each catered to a special group of workers—Lokomotive and Dynamo they included such outlets as Torpedo for auto workers, Spartak for producers' cooperative workers. As a group these clubs corresponded in importance to big league baseball in the U.S., but in actual organization they formed one superathletic club. The only one which did not cost the state money was Dynamo, which drew 80,000 cash customers for soccer (Dynamo, one of the two top-ranking soccer teams, was this year defeated by its old rival the Central Red Army team). But even Dynamo drew as few as 500 for a championship hockey match. Spectator interest in general lagged far behind the state's high-pressure program. The quality of performance was always excellent in soccer, weight-lifting, wrestling and gymnastics. But because of the Iron Curtain, coaches could not learn the latest techniques and many other sports had suffered. Swimmers trained with grim determination but the wrong styles. The eight-oared crews used an antiquated "egg-beater" stroke. By 1949 the techniques were improving, although for the most part the Western world heard only rumors and extravagant claims of Soviet prowess. Then in 1950 the best of Russia's enthusiastic weight lifters appeared in Paris. They attracted curious stares by snuffing from a bottle (probably containing epinephrine, a mild stimulant) before grabbing the weights. Led by Gregory Novak, strong man of the U.S.S.R., whose 481 pounds looked grotesque on a 5-foot 3½-inch frame, they tried hard. Their eyes bulged along with their biceps, but they lost to both the U.S. and to Egypt. Afterward one of them asked an American, in all seriousness, if he took something in his arm beforehand.

Since then training for all Olympic competitors has been stepped up. Last October the best athletes were sent south to the Crimea where weather permitted outdoor workouts all winter. The swimmers and soccer players have been training eight hours a day. Early this month the team rendezvoused in Leningrad for final indoctrination on how to act among foreigners. In Finland when they exposed themselves to world scrutiny and competition only one thing worried the confident commissars: Russia's athletes were nervous and unusually preoccupied. Americans who talked to them noticed it and made jokes about their not daring to go home if they made a poor showing. The Russians were not always amused. "We train and are calm," stated the head coach, "and we shall see."



TANK-SHAPED TAMARA (last name: Tishkevich), 5 foot 3 and 192 pounds, fires shot put. Husky women provide Russians' main hope of Olympic victory.

AND RUSSIAN OARSMEN OBLIGINGLY SIGN NAMES



VISITING RUSSIAN RAILBIRDS WATCH U.S.'S ART BARNARD AS HE TRAINS FOR 110-METER HURDLES





SIGN LANGUAGE confab between oarsmen goes on and on for 40 minutes. Supported by smattering of German, Dick Murphy (top, left) of Navy chats with A. Slawnow (top, right) who is a history major at Moscow University. While Wladimir Buzachek (top, center) listens, they talk about school, jobs, rowing and are finally joined by Chuck McIlvaine (bottom, right), finish talk by swapping coins.



RUSSIAN ATHLETES SMACK THEIR LIPS WHEN THEY GULP BLUEBERRIES FROM A NEWSPAPER PLATE

THE REDS TRY FRIENDSHIP AND FOOLISHNESS

There was nothing in the known previous behavior of Russian athletes to prepare Westerners for their sudden all-out affability. As recently as 1950 a Russian team won the European games at Brussels while maintaining an attitude of studious ill will. There was no sign of change in the first few days at Helsinki. When Westerners responded to a formal notice of a daily open house at the Soviet camp they were irked at being bounced from commissar to commissar and then out the gate.

As these pictures indicate, the attitude of the athletes—when it emerged—was at the other extreme. Fraternization broke out all over, and the muscle men indulged in the free-world luxury of acting silly (opposite). They even let themselves be viewed intimately in their Otaniemi village camp where they lived

in considerable elegance, surrounded by watchful officials and portraits of Stalin. There they watched an elaborate imported vaudeville show, enjoyed the ministrations of two doctors and numerous masseurs and dined copiously at tables laden with such delicacies as grape juice, fresh fruits, both dark and light bread and smoked sturgeon. Expressing their only complaint, a coach lamented that, because the Finns had furnished no "servants," he had to roll the cinder track himself.

All this gave the outside world an informative look at the Russians, but they on the other hand still had a great deal to learn about the U.S. To one American who had swapped his lapel pin for its Russian counterpart, one Soviet official said in warning, "You'll get the electric stool if you wear that on Broadway."



RAPT RUSSIANS, sitting on exercise horse and on floor, watch vaudeville show in their own camp.



LOOK ALIKES, Red Oarsman Samsonow and U.S. Oarsman Wayne Frye link arms, smile at camera.



A CLOWNING RUSSIAN. Oar-man Ivan Makarov tries out a monocle which he borrowed from a British bystander and gets some Russian yaks from his com-

patriots. He also borrowed a shooting stick. After trying of these he made an offer—not taken up—to smoke a cigar if the photographer would buy him one.

THE VOTER WHO CARES

PURITANICAL FUN

Sociologist David Riesman has just identified a new menace: the Americans' "moral obligation to have fun," which he calls a latter-day form of Puritanism. In an address at Harvard last week he mentioned a middle-class suburb now under sociological survey where "the arts of consumption and leisure are pursued with such dogged determination that leisureliness as a quality of life is largely absent."

That's one thing to be said for Continental Europeans: they long ago discovered that the maximum enjoyment of spare time cannot be obtained with gritted teeth, and that the simplest pleasures are best. The taking of food and drink that are delicious but uncomplicated, listening to music or perhaps making a little, the contemplation of a lovely view, some childish pastime such as jumping through a bonfire—Europeans of every economic condition know these delights, and we could too if we relaxed a little. Down with cheering sections, cocktail parties and driving bumper-to-bumper!

Watchdogs of American democracy have long deplored the fact that nearly half of all eligible voters don't care enough about politics to vote in presidential elections. Without condoning this political sloth, we may nevertheless point out that it is nothing new in the U.S. According to John Adams, only about a third of the colonists were in favor of the Revolution. American politics have always been made, not by the people as a whole, but by the people who care.

Over a quarter of the electorate now call themselves "independents." Like many affiliated Republicans and Democrats, these are by and large people of conscience and education who read the papers, ponder the issues, and otherwise take their franchise seriously. An electorate thus weighted by the informed and conscientious is worth more than a full turnout of people who don't give a damn.

So here's to the voter who cares, whether partisan or independent; and here's also a reminder that he has a double duty in this election. He must not only take sides, but know his reasons with some exactness. To illustrate his problem, let us take just one issue—the economic—which promises to be well fogged by the campaign.

If you listened to some of the speeches at the Republican convention, you might have expected to emerge from the amphitheater to find bread lines. Inflation and taxes are oppressive enough without deserving to be confused with poverty. There was more sense in some of the invocations; for instance, Cardinal Stritch: "Oh God . . . Thou hast given us abundant resources. . . . Our standard of living has no comparison in all history. . . . We thank Thee. . . ." If the Republicans would start their arguments on that true and humble note, they might then aspire to clarify just what the real economic issues are.

These have to do, not with past or present, but with the future. They have to do, not with jobs, but with the waste of resources that stems from capitalizing on old fears of unemployment. They have to do, not with the level of federal taxes, but with the absence of a political will to cut federal expenditures. They have to do, not with government control of prices, but with government inflation of real costs, its own and everyone else's. They have to do with fiscal honesty and the likelihood that fiscal dishonesty has not yet exacted its full price. The conscientious voter must recognize that our real economic problem lies ahead of us, not around us; and furthermore, that it is inseparable from our foreign affairs.

During Truman's seven years, the American taxpayer has paid for some \$40 billion of foreign aid. The conscientious voter will not be impressed with *post hoc* attacks on that

aid, for things might have been worse without it. But he can't give the Democrats much credit either, for they have not made a dent on the underlying economic disorders of the free world. The "dollar gap," the weakness of Britain, the restriction of world markets are as bad as ever; all "donation diplomacy" did was to cover up and buy time. More ominous still is the fact that a large part of the world, especially the "underdeveloped" world, has a gaping need for very large capital movements which has been filled by nothing but Point Four hot air. "This," wrote economic prophet Colin Clark recently, "is an economic problem whose gravity makes all others seem small and transitory in comparison. For, if something is not done about it in a few years, the economic gulf between the Haves and the Have-nots will become irretrievably wide; with unemployment, glutted markets and uninvestible capital on one side of the line, and inflation, famine, political disorders and extreme nationalism on the other. Could a Russian propagandist ask for anything better?"

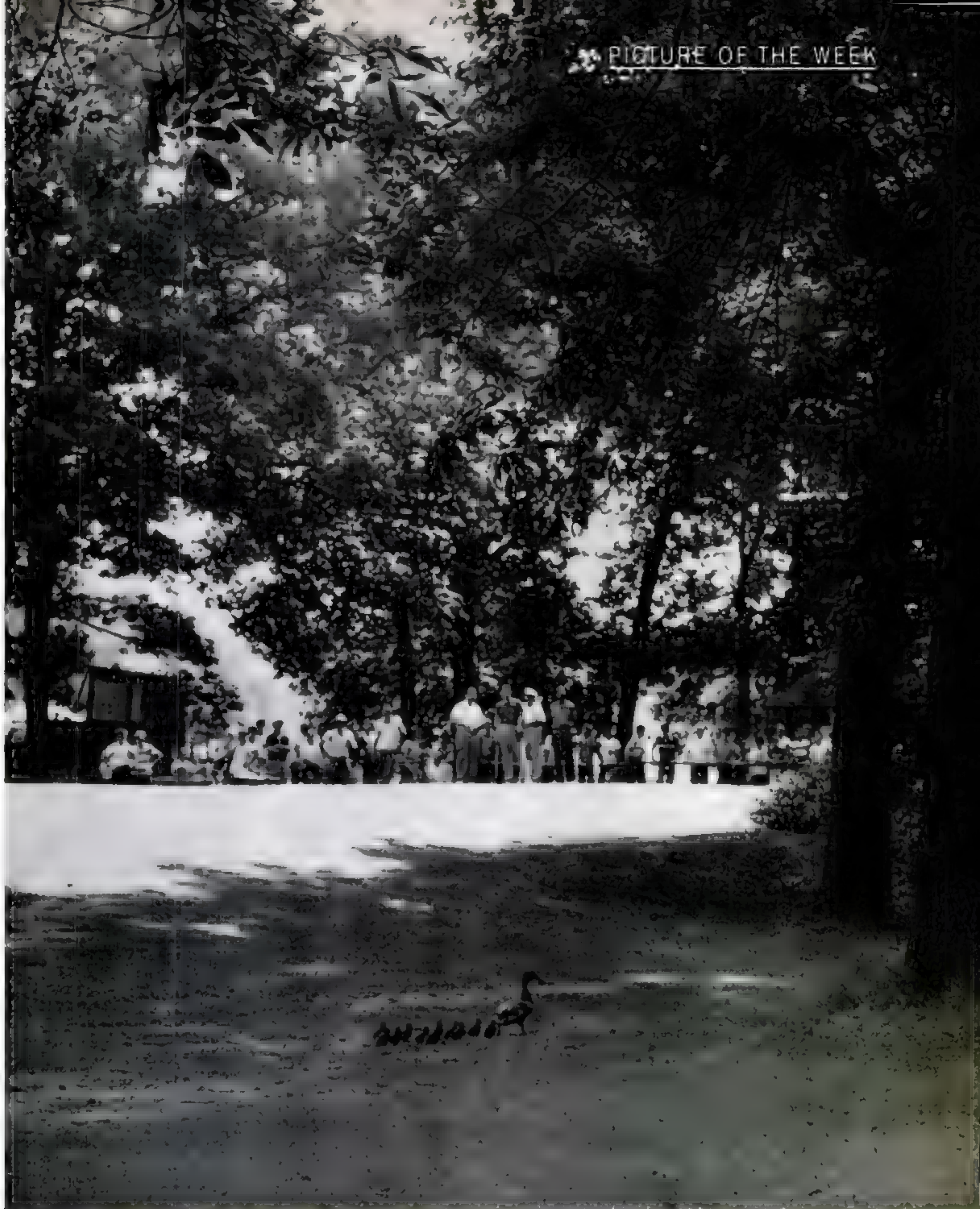
Such are the real economic dangers which the voter who cares must take into account this year. In deciding which candidate is likelier to cope with them successfully, he must allow for a certain optimism and evasiveness in politicians; issues of the future are especially easy to evade. The voter who cares must therefore consult his own sense of the future and watch for political words and signs that most nearly match it.

The Democrats confront the future with one great handicap: they have been in office. The economic dangers ahead are therefore in large part chargeable to the Democrats' own inadequacy and lack of foresight.

The chief Republican handicap is a habit of negation which is the price and duty of being the party of opposition. Their new leader, however, is free of this handicap, and in choosing him the party has given one clear sign that it senses and wants to cope with the dangers ahead.

The voter who cares will not expect Ike to produce a blueprint for that future. But neither should he think it enough that Ike would be a reassuring leader in case of war. The voter who cares will also measure Ike's will to cope with the neglected problems of national and international housekeeping, on which both the winning of wars and the strengthening of peace depend.

Which candidate sounds more serious about inflation, about the efficient use of resources, about the expanding possibilities of world trade? Which candidate summons us to think of the future in large terms? The future—that is what we shall really be voting about this fall. It is a time when the conscience and imagination of the voter who cares are needed as never before.



WEB FOOT HAZARD

The Massachusetts amateur golf tournament at Winchester Country Club was abruptly stymied last week when a dozen ducks—one adult and 11 minors—decided to cross the fairway.

As Photographer Frank Kerr of the *Boston Traveler* took this picture, duck-loving competitors stood nervously around the first tee, unable to drive off until the hazard moved on.

DEMOCRATIC EYES FIX ON TRUMAN'S ALTERNATE

When the Democratic National Convention opened in Chicago on Monday, a single, once obscure delegate from Kansas City attracted almost more attention than the candidates themselves. Mr. Thomas Gavin had talked to the President, and the chat turned him instantly into a national celebrity. In the chat he learned a portentous bit of secret information—the name of the candidate Truman really planned to back. And

Truman's backing might well assure the nomination. Mr. Gavin's secret would be kept until the Missouri delegation was polled; then it would be his job, as alternate, to announce the winner of the one-half vote of absent delegate Truman. Having done this chore for his friend of 30 years, Gavin could return to his career in Kansas City (below), grateful for his brief prominence to another old friend, Kansas City Boss Jim Pendergast.



BASIC ALLEGIANCE of Gavin is to the party. He joined this Jackson County Democratic club, a Pendergast stronghold, in '20s, still belongs.



EARLY JOB held by him in the old days was operation of Bowler's Club, a tavern where there was sometimes gambling. Building is now restaurant.



SIMILAR ENTERPRISE was dice game and horse book which Gavin operated here in the free-and-easy '30s. He said he did it for a friend.



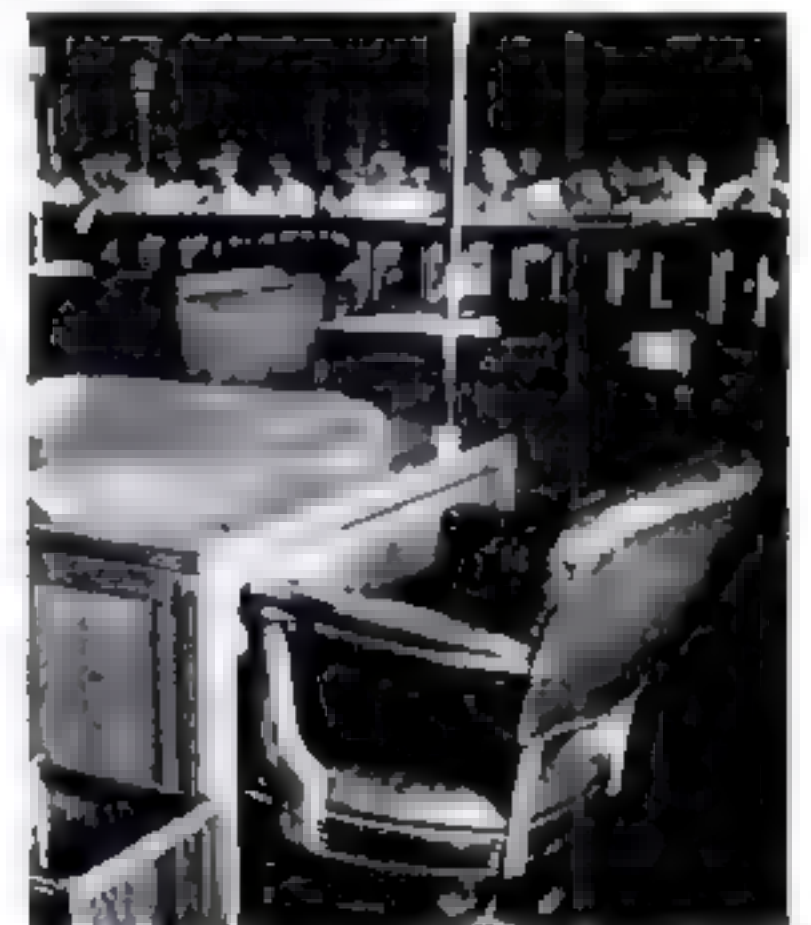
DESK JOB as treasurer of insurance firm is result of Gavin's entry into that business in the '40s. Nowadays he has little time to use desk.



HIS MAIN JOB, begun in 1950, is with Muehlebach Brewing Company where, a respectable and successful businessman, he is vice president (sales and public relations).



STARTING A TERM, his second as city councilman, Gavin celebrates with wife and children after taking oath in 1951. As a youth he worked for Tom Pendergast, but stayed out of trouble when that machine was broken up, served in Air Force and state legislature.



POLITICAL JOB supplies Gavin with this desk (foreground) in city council. He has done careful job, frequently voting on side of the majority, the anti-Pendergast faction.



OLD HOME was in the First District, which he represents in the council. His wife disliked it because the neighborhood was run down and tough and the people "never pulled down their shades."



NEW HOME was made possible when the boundaries of the city's First District were expanded to include a more fashionable area. A year ago the Gavins moved into this nine-room brick building.



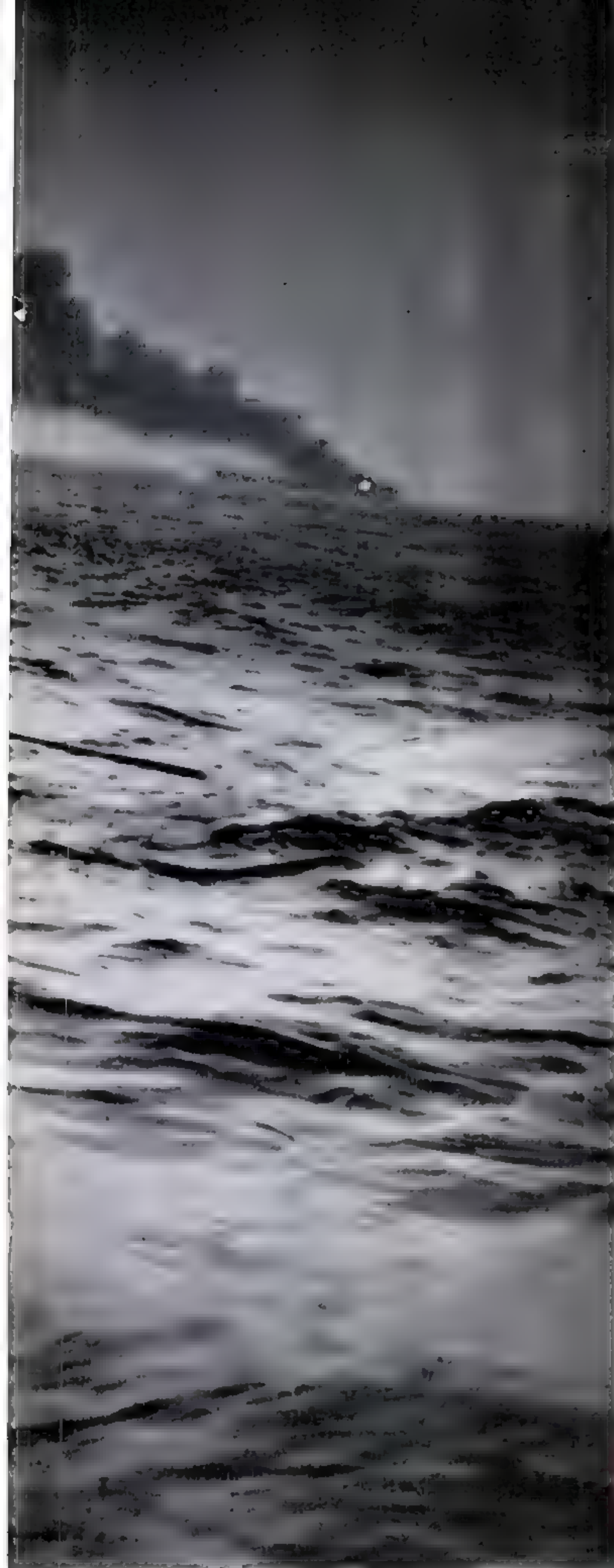
NEW HAT is jauntily worn by Gavin as he gestures with a cigaret. The hat was given him by Andres Soriano, head of Muehlebach, and Gavin likes it because it is light and "sort of flip-floppy."





AS FREIGHTER BURNS on horizon, survivors—38 men and six women—are transferred by lifeboat from rescue liner *Gripsholm* to the *Cox & Guard* cutter

Mackinac which carried them to New York. This picture was taken by Chief Petty Officer Nicholas Ryder of the *Mackinac*. Cutter's rigging shows at left.



BURNED VICTIM limps ashore as the *Mackinac* deposits survivors at Coast Guard base. One man, too hurt to be moved, was carried to Europe by *Gripsholm*.



BOATLOAD OF SURVIVORS is lifted aboard Coast Guard cutter *Mackinac*. Small boats searched area for hours, but could not find the four missing persons.

FLASH FIRE AT SEA

Ship burns to waterline but 45 of 49 are saved

Only 180 miles away from her New York destination, the Norwegian freighter *Black Gull* caught fire off Long Island. On deck were 500 tons of inflammable naphthalene and in her hold were tanks of castor oil. As the fire flashed through the *Black Gull*, the 49 crew members and passengers had time to SOS, then had to abandon ship. Thanks to calm water and the one raft they were able to launch, all but four managed to stay afloat until the Swedish liner *Gripsholm*, bound for Europe, halted to pick up survivors. Because of the explosive cargo, there was no chance to fight the fire. As Coast Guard cutters stood watch to protect the sea lanes, the *Black Gull*, trailing clouds of smoke, burned to the waterline.



THE DU PONTS HAVE A FAMILY BIRTHDAY

With workers they celebrate 150th anniversary

One hot and muggy afternoon last week, just 150 years to the day after a French immigrant named Eleuthère Irénée du Pont de Nemours founded a small concern to manufacture gunpowder on the banks of the Brandywine near Wilmington, Del., some 225 of his lineal or marital descendants and more than 6,000 of their employees gathered to commemorate the Du Pont company's sesquicentennial. In 71 Du Pont plants throughout the U.S., 80,000 other employees halted work in honor of the occasion.

The gathering along the Brandywine Creek, whose sluggish waters once turned big 19th Century grindstones (*right*) that churned sulphur, charcoal and saltpeter into black powder, heard a brief and staid program of music by the company chorus (*following page*), speeches by Du Pont President Crawford H. Greenewalt and Vice President Henry du Pont,



UP THE AISLE of trees that leads to the house, two hostesses walk to their posts before ceremony. Since manufacturing stopped in 1921, the grounds,

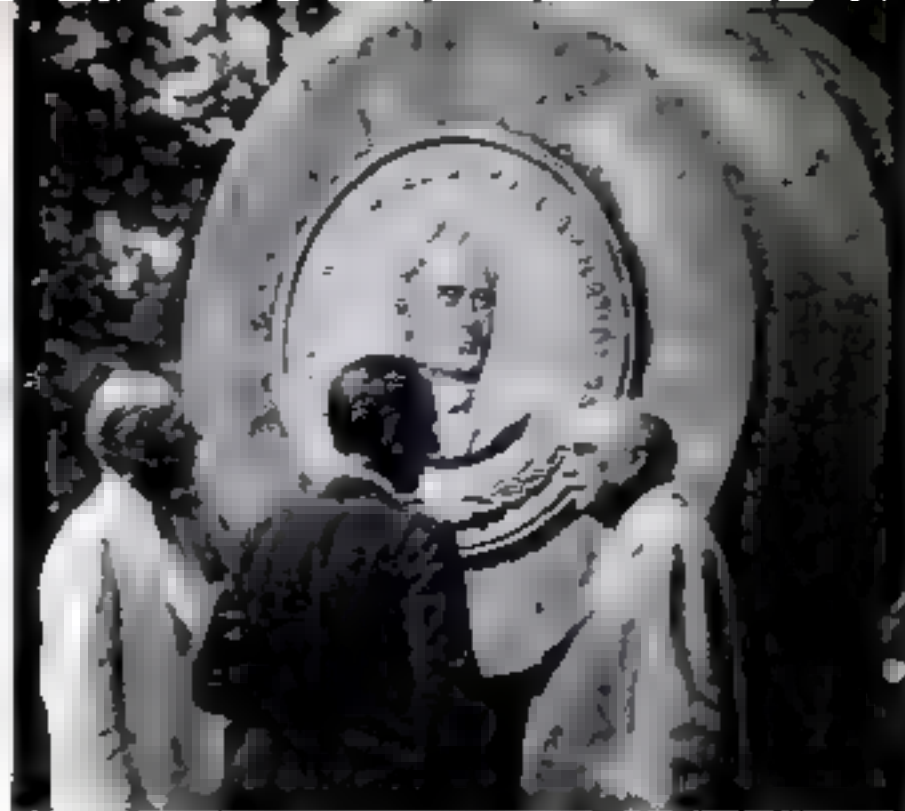
except for those immediately around the house, have been permitted to revert to their natural state. A special plot had to be cleared for the ceremony.



THE 14 HOSTESSES, all Du Ponts, are gathered before the house that E. I. du Pont built for himself in 1803 close to and overlooking his powder

and a re-enactment of the Eleutherian Mills' founding. They also toured the site's ancient buildings, with 14 Du Pont ladies acting as their hostesses and guides in especially designed dresses of the period. To assure that the program, which was broadcast nationally, went off smoothly, all the principals held a dress rehearsal the day before.

Rubbing shoulders with Wilmington's first family (and one of America's great industrial dynasties) probably impressed many a Du Pont employee. But possibly even more important to him was his reawakened sense of participation in a historic venture which has armored the nation in war with black powder or atomic explosive and, through extensive research facilities in peace, has originated or made marketable such useful blessings as rayon, Orlon, Freon refrigerant gas, nylon and cellophane.



HEAD MEN—ex-presidents Irénée du Pont (at left), Pierre S. du Pont (at right) and current president C. H. Greenwalt inspect ses-qui-centennial plaque on old grand-tone.



mill. They are (left to right front row): Mrs. Ernest du Pont Jr., Mrs. James Q. du Pont, Mrs. Emile F. du Pont and Mrs. Crawford H. Greenwalt. Middle

row: Mrs. Lamont du Pont Copeland, Mrs. Henry B. du Pont, Mrs. Walter S. Carpenter III, Mrs. E. Paul du Pont Jr. and Mrs. William W. Laird.

Back row: Mrs. Francis B. Crowninshield, Mrs. Irénée du Pont, Mrs. Bruce M. Donaldson, Miss Aileen M. du Pont and Mrs. Francis I. du Pont.



RELAXING in a chair before the family mansion, Mrs. William W. Laird smiles up at some friends.



CHATTING, Mrs. Irénée du Pont (left) and Mrs. Francis du Pont sit together in the family section.



PERSPIRING Irénée du Pont found it necessary to mop his face during the warm afternoon events.



DU PONT CHORUS, all employees, sang lustily during the broadcast. Although the show was only

televised locally, chorus members also were attired in reproductions of early 19th Century clothing.



FANNING the sticky air from under her hat brim, Aileen M. du Pont pauses on the mansion's terrace.



THREE DU PONTS—left to right, Irénée du Pont, his daughter Mrs. Greenwalt and Pierre du Pont—leave the dress rehearsal with the director of pageant.



A SNAPSHOT of President Greenwalt, during the rehearsal for the ceremony (the picture at left), was made by his 13-year-old cousin, Penny du Pont (right).



THE SPOTLIGHT'S ON CHESTERFIELD.

First Cigarette to
Name All
its Ingredients

WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS prepared by laboratory instruments for the most desirable smoking qualities.

KEPT TASTY AND FRESH by pure, naturally moistening agents proved by over 40 years of continuous use in U.S.A. tobacco products as entirely safe for use in the mouth—natural sugars and chemically pure, costly glycerol—nothing else.

HIGHEST PURITY CIGARETTE PAPER—the best that money can buy.

ASK YOUR
DEALER FOR

Chesterfield


Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Scientists from Leading Universities Make Sure that Chesterfield
Contains Only Ingredients that Give You the Best Possible Smoke



FOUR ROSES BLEND MASHED POTATOES

60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS - FRANKS DISTILLERS - NEW YORK



ORE BOATS TIE UP AT DULUTH WHERE 58 ARE IDLE BECAUSE OF STRIKE. THESE HAVE BEEN MODERNIZED WITH STREAMLINED SUPERSTRUCTURES AND RADAR

STEEL STRANGLE

Losses from seven-week strike will be impossible to make up

The stranglehold on the seven-week steel strike was tightening at the neck of U. S. industry. Over a million and a half Americans were out of work because of the strike, less than half of them steel workers. Defense production was being dangerously curtailed, railroad freight was at its lowest level since 1941. Auto production was at 22% of last year's output—and a shortage of cans threatened the perishable crops just coming to harvest.

When unions' company talks hinted at a settlement last week, the government office of the companies' price raise withdrew the offer when talks bogged down. President Truman was considering seizing some steel plants under provisions of the Selective Service Act. But even if a settlement comes quickly, irreparable damage has been done. Ore boats are now (about) mean ore shortage and slowdown in winter. And the U. S. cannot recoup the 145 million tons of steel it has lost in the strike.



STOREKEEPER'S PINCH in steel town of Gary, Ind. is shown in an inducement to workers to buy.

IDLE PLYMOUTH ASSEMBLY LINE GETS PAINTED →

"How I stepped into the most surprising role of my career"

by *Gloria Swanson*

One of Hollywood's brightest stars takes you behind the scenes of her latest motion picture, "3 FOR BEDROOM C", a Brenco Production, distributed by Warner Bros., now being shown at your neighborhood theatre.



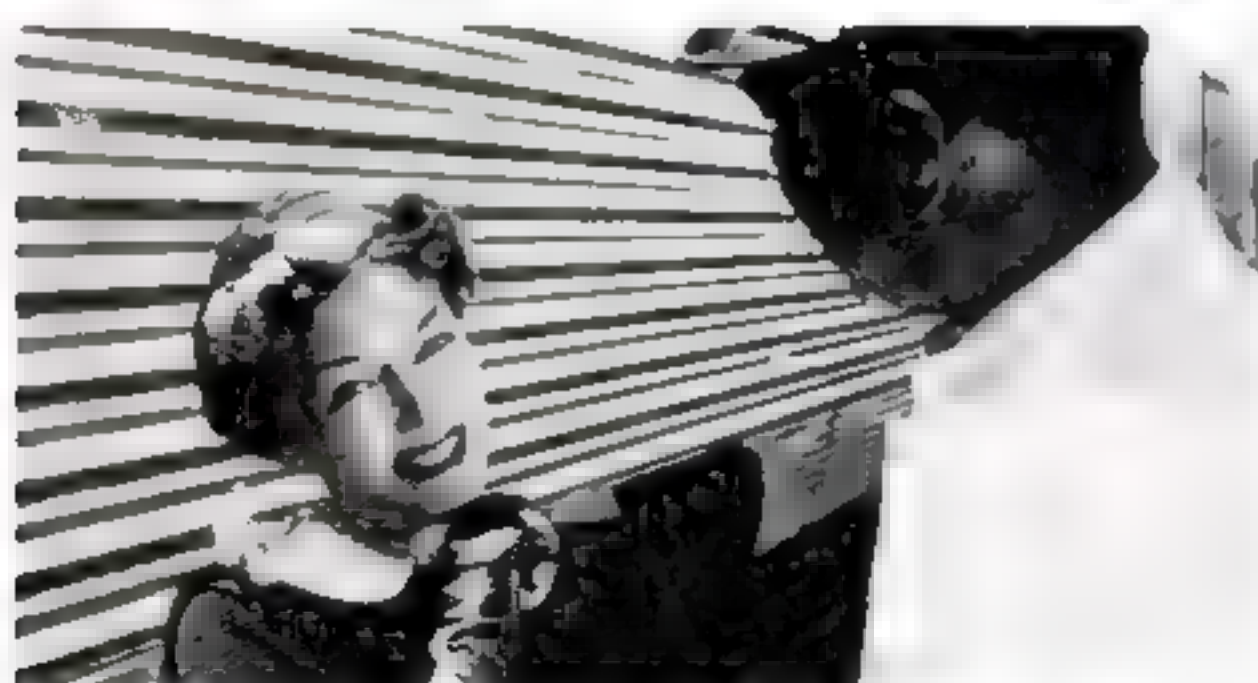
"From the first, the part was a natural," says Gloria. "I appreciate comfort. But even I was surprised to find how completely 'Bedroom C' provided all the comforts of home."



"Whether you're hungry for thrilling scenery or good food, I can promise you both when you Go Pullman. Personally, I found the food so delicious, so expertly served it almost stole the scene from the exciting countryside."



Sh-h-h . . . while Gloria gets her beauty sleep, may we tell you why you rest so well on a Pullman? You see, the bed's so big and comfortable. And there's nothing on your mind but that soft, fluffy pillow.



"Really, this has been a most delightful run," adds Miss Swanson. "May I say my latest Pullman experience has left me so enthused, so refreshed, so relaxed that I'm looking forward to a quick return engagement."

Take it easy...

GO PULLMAN
COMFORTABLE, CONVENIENT AND SAFE

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Eva Perón is close to death, Mossadegh is out of a job, and ideal driver turns out to be a moron

Every word from Argentina indicates that Eva Perón's long illness—reliably reported to be cancer—has brought her to the edge of death. Official bulletins on her health wavered between "slight improvement" and "declined no-



EVA PERON VOTES DURING ILLNESS

ticeably." Cabinet meetings were cancelled. President Juan Perón was absent from his office. Special masses were held in her name. Buenos Aires housewives began to stock up on food—anticipating that stores would close during mourning.

Morons are called ideal drivers

The picture of the ideal car driver—alert, intelligent, keen-eyed—took a shellacking from James Baker, director of research at Northwestern University's Traffic Institute. "The operation of a motor car," said Mr. Baker, "is too dull a job to command the attention of those who are particularly bright." A person with a fine eyesight will be distracted by everything he sees instead of keeping his eyes on the road. Once he has learned the rules, the best driver, in Mr. Baker's opinion, would be a high-grade moron, mental age 10 to 12 years.

* * *

The State Department has severed periodical relations with Soviet Russia. Charging that Russia has violated a 1916 agreement by interfering with the inside-Russia distribution of the State Department's magazine "Amerika," the U.S. not only suspended publication of "Amerika" but also banned the "U.S.S.R. Information Bulletin" and other Soviet-sponsored publications from distribution in the U.S.

Widow Stevens is moved back

The saga of Widow Stevens (LIFE, June 16 and July 21) is not ended. After Mrs. Stevens was dragged from her Lapeer, Mich. home, her neighbors broke into the house, threw out the furniture of the new tenant, moved back the widow's furniture. The sheriff and the mayor appealed to the governor and the FBI, suggesting that "subversive influences" were at the bottom of it all.

The latest in an apparently endless series of U.S. prison outbreaks took place in Pittsburgh. At the Highland Park Zoo six polar bears started digging a tunnel to freedom. The escape effort was balked after the bears had gone only a short distance. No keepers were taken hostage and no concessions were made to the bears.

England tolerates the Red Dean

Official England had its say about Hewlett Johnson, the "Red Dean" of Canterbury, and his charge that the U.S. is waging germ warfare. Churchill said the right of free speech was worth the price of listening to Dr. Johnson. Lord Salisbury, majority leader of the House of Lords, said the Dean could not be prosecuted since "he has not been drunk in the pulpit, he has not pawned the church vessels, he has not been guilty of flagrant immorality." The Dean's superior, the Archbishop of Canterbury, told everyone, "We may help each other by sharing this liability between us."

* * *

California's Office of Civil Defense plans to ask residents to carry a two-inch aluminum box containing four tubes of purple fluid. In an atomic attack, if only one tube turns yellow, the carrier is all right. Two yellow tubes indicate some medical attention is needed, and three indicate the need for fast attention and blood plasma. If all the tubes are yellow, it is probably too late to save the carrier.



FISHERMAN IKE RESTS ON VACATION

After a hard convention week in Chicago, Nominee Eisenhower took off for a week's vacation at the 1,900-acre ranch of his friend Aksel Nielsen near Fraser, Colo. At the general store he bought some provisions, then let a Korea veteran buy him a Coke. At the ranch Ike got into his fishing clothes and said wearily that his immediate plans were "to do nothing in a great big way."

In the blurred mind of Bayard Peakes, a 29-year-old Bostonian who had been discharged from the Air Force as mentally ill, only one thing was certain: the American Physical Society had wronged him by rejecting his thesis



PEAKES (RIGHT) ADMIRES PUBLICITY

on electrons. He thought of a way to get even and at the same time to get publicity for his theories. Peakes bought a gun and went to the society's New York offices. He meant to shoot an important professor, but the first person he met was the society's 18-year-old secretary, Eileen Fahey. "She was an awfully pretty girl," he said later. He fired five shots into Eileen Fahey and left her dying as he fled to his home in Boston.

Working on the theory that the killer might be a disgruntled member of the society, police quickly and exhaustively tracked down every tip, cornered Peakes and got his confession only three days after his moment of vengeance. As police took him to New York for psychiatric observation at Bellevue Hospital, Peakes looked highly satisfied with the publicity he had earned.

* * *

A way has been found, inevitably, to reduce beer to tablet form. A young Belgian biochemist named Robert Mouton discovered how while working on an invention for vacuum drying. According to Mouton, you add water, alcohol and carbon dioxide to the pill and get a drink which has "the delicate flavor and body of the original beer."

A gold rush gets started

The world's latest gold rush is thronging toward the Jari River in the jungles of northern Brazil. Two prospectors discovered the rich gold field two months ago, and since that time thousands of eager *garimpeiros* (prospectors) have fought their way up the Jari—a turbulent three weeks' trip past 22 waterfalls and rapids. Once there the miners have to put up with malaria, bubonic ulcers and a lack of governmental authority. But already \$150,000 in gold has been brought back from Amapa Territory, and the miners do not bother with claims that yield less than 20 grams (\$22) a day.

NEW Shampoo Discovery gives You Film-Free Hair with

NO 'DETERGENT DRYNESS'

[Dryness caused by strong "dishpan" detergents in some shampoos . . . that can take out of your hair the very substances it needs for health and beauty.]



Nature gives you "Young" Hair . . .

NEW FITCH SHAMPOO Helps Nature Keep Your Hair Looking Young

Your hair renews its youth with every inch it grows . . . and gentle new Fitch Shampoo has the special formula that keeps it healthy, young. New Fitch floats out surface oil, dirt, and loose dandruff . . . but leaves in Nature's beautifying lubricants to polish your hair with a natural shine.

See the difference! No dulling film remains . . . the "rinse" is right in the new Fitch shampoo formula.

Feel the difference! That brittle feel of harsh "detergent dryness" disappears as natural oils are restored.

New Fitch Shampoo makes even hardest water rain-water-soft. It leaves your hair easier to manage, gives it that "Hair-dresser Look." It's mild, safe for a child's scalp . . . and still the only shampoo that guarantees to remove dandruff in one lathering — or your money back. Try it now!

Stop washing the "Bloom of Youth" from your hair . . .

SWITCH TO

New FITCH SHAMPOO



PERFECT FOR ALL THE FAMILY Copyright 1953, Fitch Div., Grove Laboratories, Inc.

NEWSFRONTS CONTINUED

For 1,000 years Britons have been coming to the Bawburgh, Norfolk church to drink the water of St. Walstan's Well, believing it has miraculous curative powers. Now the local health officer has tested the water, found it impure and unfit to drink.

Beauty queen sounds off



MISS ITALY COMPLAINS

There was strife in the beauty queen world as Miss Italy cried out that newfangled politics rather than old-fashioned beauty had influenced the judges of California's Miss Universe contest. Miss Italy, who asked no prize for herself, said Miss Finland was given first place to publicize the Olympics. Miss Hawaii placed second because Hawaii is a candidate for statehood. Miss Hong Kong was given third place to prove that the U.S. has no prejudice against Orientals, and Miss Germany got fifth place "just so [Chancellor] Adenauer will know there will always be a place for Germany in America's round table." Miss Italy said that only fourth-place Miss Greece earned a prize on the basis of her appearance.

More dangerous than polio

In the hot, wet San Joaquin Valley of central California, doctors and public health officers are facing the possibility of an epidemic of encephalitis ("sleeping sickness"). The valley mosquitoes are breeding in quantity and traps have turned up several disease-bearing specimens. Some valley residents have already come down with the frightening symptoms: drowsiness, headaches, colds and stiff necks. In the early stages of encephalitis only laboratory tests can distinguish it from polio. If an epidemic does get started, California is in for trouble. Encephalitis is five times more deadly than polio and there is no known immunization against it.

* * *



EX-PREMIER MOSSADEGH



NEW PREMIER GHAVAN

Turnover in Iran

After 15 emotional months as premier of Iran, Mohammed Mossadegh had brought his country to the edge of financial disaster. Last week, at the shah's request, Mossadegh stepped down and his place was taken by practical Ahmad Ghavan, who brought the country through the 1946-47 crisis over Russian intervention. In his first statement as premier, Ghavan promised to do everything in his power to solve the Anglo-Iranian oil dispute which "has plunged the country into anarchy." With a look at Mossadegh's bitterly anti-British supporters, Ghavan warned, "God help those who try to sabotage my efforts."

* * *

French newspapers got hold of the secret diary of Communist leader Jacques Duclos and printed some damning extracts. Duclos had recorded the Red policy on the French army and its efforts: "We work for the certain defeat of that army in Viet Nam, in Korea, in Tunisia. . . ."



"FIRST OF THE HOME GROWN CORN," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 71 in the series "Home Life in America."

In this friendly, freedom-loving land
of ours—*beer belongs ... enjoy it!*



*Beer and ale—
mealtimes favorites*

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION
Sponsored by the United States Brewers Foundation...Chartered 1862





Deliciously yours!

*P.S. Hunt—for the best. See your grocer's ads
and look in his store for the low price!*



CAPTIVE'S SHOE fell from cab during mile-long race to border. Linse slugging was seen by woman,

whose screams alerted pursuit truck. Reds strewed angled nails in truck's path in attempt to blow tires.



LINSE'S FACE IS MARKED WITH DUELING SCARS

HOW DR. LINSE '... GOT LOST'

Reds kidnap enemy in West Berlin

The lone shoe shown at the left, lying on a cobblestoned West Berlin street, was the only trace that the West Germans had last week of Dr. Walter Linse. The latest of more than 100 anti-Communists kidnaped by the Reds, Linse had "disappeared" into the Soviet zone.

A lawyer, Linse had been an aggressive member of the "Free Jurists," a Berlin group that gathers and publishes evidence of Red crimes in East Germany. One morning this month, Communist agents slugged Linse outside his home in the U.S. sector, dragged him into a waiting cab, pumped pistol shots into a pursuing truck and roared into the Soviet zone.

Enraged West Berliners protested at a mass meeting. U.S. authorities, timid about reprisals, complained to the Soviets. They got no satisfaction. But the West did get a reply from the official Communist paper *Neues Deutschland*, which proclaimed, "Linse . . . got lost. Not a single agent of war-mongering imperialism will be safe, wherever he hangs out—be it West Berlin, Bonn, Paris or even Washington."



FREE JURISTS' CHIEF, Theo Friedenau (left), has had 500,000-mark price set on his head by Reds.

Easy Way to Win

**PAIR OF TICKETS TO THE
WORLD SERIES
PLUS \$500.00 IN CASH**



KENTUCKY CLUB

"SEE THE WORLD SERIES" CONTEST

1st PRIZE — Pair of Tickets to Opening Game of 1952 World Series plus \$500.00 in cash for expenses.

2nd PRIZE — Pair of Tickets to Opening Game of 1952 World Series plus \$250.00 in cash for expenses.

3rd PRIZE — Pair of Tickets to Opening Game of 1952 World Series plus \$250.00 in cash for expenses.

4th PRIZE — Pair of Tickets to Opening Game of 1952 World Series plus \$250.00 in cash for expenses.

5th PRIZE — Pair of Tickets to Opening Game of 1952 World Series plus \$250.00 in cash for expenses.

6th PRIZE — Pair of Tickets to Opening Game of 1952 World Series plus \$250.00 in cash for expenses.

★ 600 ADDITIONAL PRIZES ★

Picture yourself at the opening game of the World Series this year. See all the thrills first hand. The Kentucky Club "See the World Series" Contest brings you an easy way to win two tickets—plus a generous check to cover your expenses. Awards will be made for the best statements in 25 words or less to complete the sentence "I prefer Kentucky Club Pipe Tobacco because..." Sounds easy. *It is easy.*

Ask the man at your favorite tobacco counter for a Free Entry Blank and the simple rules for this great Kentucky Club contest. Don't delay. If your dealer is temporarily out of Entry Blanks, send us your name and address on a post card and we'll mail you one free. Address: Kentucky Club, Wheeling, West Virginia, Dept. 83.



DO IT TODAY! SWITCH TO

**MILD
KENTUCKY CLUB**

Kentucky Club is the thoroughbred of pipe tobaccos—choice white Burley specially blended to give you a mild, smooth smoke. Look for the blue tin with the picture of the red-coated rider on it.

Kidnaping CONTINUED



BITTER BERLINER, Mayor Reuter speaks at rally in West Berlin: "Now our patience must have an end. We appeal to the world for help for this man."



BLOODY COMMUNIST, who heckled Reuter, was beaten by crowd. As police led him away, crowd yelled, "Why do you protect him? Let us have him!"

“Sing in
the movies?
...not me!”

(WHO AM I...?
SEE ANSWER BELOW)



Spark plugs also look alike but **AUTO-LITE** gives **SMOOTHER PERFORMANCE...QUICK STARTS**

EVERYBODY knows Bing Crosby! But even the one and only Mr. Music might have a look-alike, just as spark plugs have look-alikes. So don't be fooled by appearances. For smoother performance and quick starts, replace old, worn-out spark plugs with world-famous Resistor or Standard type Auto-Lite Spark Plugs.

If you thought the man shown above was Bing Crosby, you were wrong. He's Michael Keene of Brooklyn, New York, who is fre-

quently confused with Bing. But you'll be right when you ask your dealer for Auto-Lite Spark Plugs—specified as original equipment on many leading makes of America's finest cars and trucks. Remember, "You're ALWAYS RIGHT WITH AUTO-LITE."

See **BING CROSBY**, Starring in
"JUST FOR YOU"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Tune in "SUSPENSE"—CBS Television Tuesdays

"Ignition Engineered"

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS



AUTO-LITE MAKES A COMPLETE LINE
OF SPARK PLUGS FOR EVERY USE
Auto-Lite Spark Plugs—Patented U.S.A.

Phone Western Union

... ask for "Operator 25" ... she'll give you the
name of your nearby Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer. There
is no charge for this service.

Get that DIRT FAST!



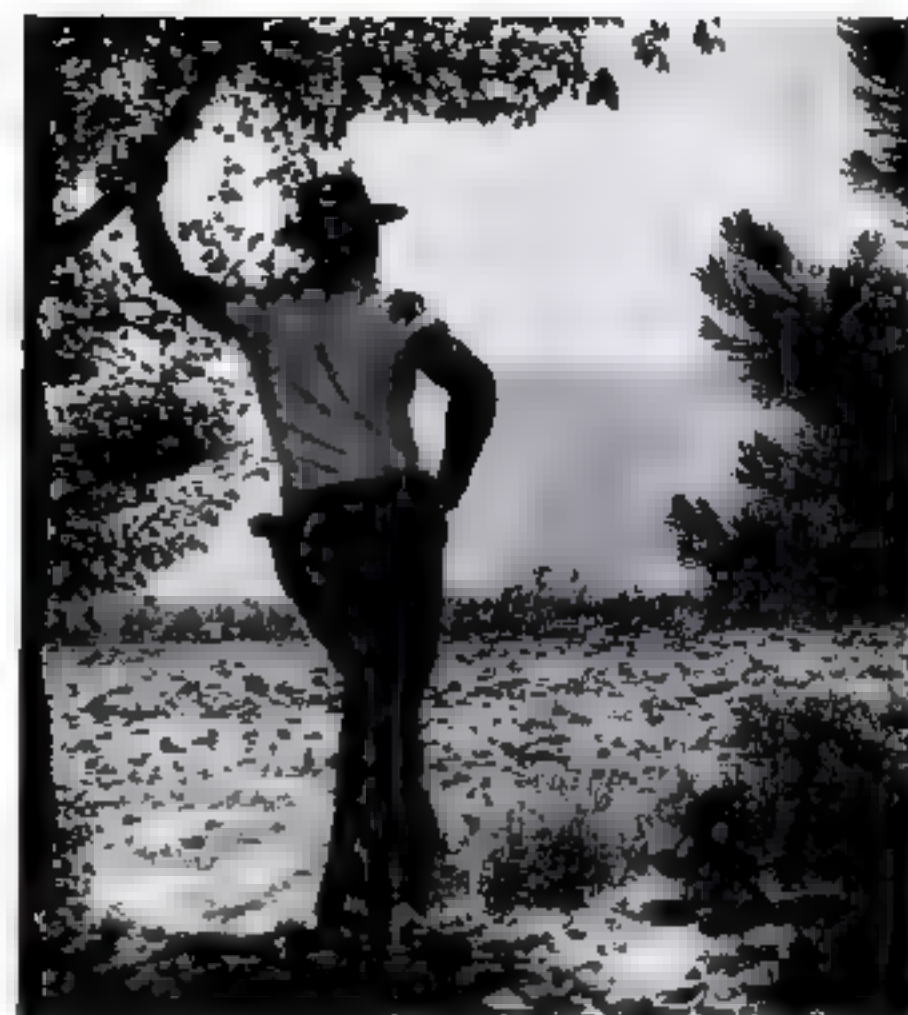
but
save your
SKIN!

Boraxo "melt-away"
action cleans hands
faster, gentler than
any other hand soap!



No harsh abrasives in Boraxo! This dirt-chasing powdered hand soap contains tiny soluble crystals that clean away dirt, then melt away, leaving hands and knuckles soft. A must for "week-end handymen," gardeners, sportsmen, children and housewives. Get Boraxo, get hands twice as clean, in half the time!

ANOTHER FAMOUS "20 MULE TEAM" PRODUCT



COLORADO FARMER STUDIES \$6,000 WHEAT HILL

WHEAT SPILLS OVER

Fat harvest gives U.S. near-record winter crop

The Midwestern U.S. was being inundated by a golden rain that came not from the skies but the sun-soaked earth. The second biggest crop of winter wheat in U.S. history, estimated at 1.048 billion bushels (against 1947's record 1.058 billion), was being harvested in the area from central Nebraska south. Moreover its quality was excellent; in Kansas, which was reaping the biggest harvest in state history, some wheat weighed in at 64 pounds per bushel as against the standard 60. Grain elevators across the golden plains were filled to bursting (*opposite page*), freight cars to transport it were at a premium and many a grower temporarily had to store a small fortune in the open (*above*). Spring wheat in the northern states, which has been hurt by drought, will be 29% below average, so the total U.S. production for 1952 will rank behind both 1947 and 1948. But still Secretary of Agriculture Brannan asked farmers to plant 8% less acreage to wheat next year.



WASTED WHEAT covers ties and roadbed in the Burlington line's yard at Omaha, having sifted down from groaning freight cars carrying it away.

HOLE in a filled elevator at Tonkawa, Okla. spills wheat out into a → rain-shedding conical pile after it has been weighed and tested.



IN THE FACE OF WORLD TENSION, America is again working against time to build up its Air Power. It is not for us to say how much Air Power this country should have—that is for your military leaders to recommend and Congress to decide. We do, however, feel a responsibility to help you understand the vast complexity of modern aircraft manufacture and operation so that you may realize why the job at hand takes so long and costs so much—and why America's security demands a long-range Air Power program in peace as well as war.



"SCRAMBLE!"—PILOTS AND RADAR OPERATORS DASH TO MAN WAITING LOCKHEED F-94 "STARFIRE" JET INTERCEPTORS AT AN EAST COAST AIR FORCE BASE.

YOUR AIR FORCE IS TACKLING A LONG, HARD JOB— BUILDING AN AIR DEFENSE SYSTEM AT HOME

In these perilous times men charged with national defense must be prepared for any emergency—including the possibility of a sneak attack by fleets of enemy super-bombers on cities within the U. S. These bombers could bore in at tremendous speeds, miles above the earth, far out of ordinary sight and hearing.

If such an attack were ever launched, the main job of intercepting it would fall to the U. S. Air Force's Air Defense Command.

ADC's assignment is incredibly complex. First of all it involves setting up and staffing a network of radar detection stations around more than 18,000 miles of this country's borders and coastlines.

Then once an attacking flight has been detected by radar, it must be met by ADC's squadrons of jet interceptor fighters. These interceptors must be ready for instant action. Every hour that passes . . . day and night . . . hundreds of them are poised on the runways of heavily guarded airfields. Their guns are always loaded, their tanks fueled, their pilots ready.

These sleek-looking fighters are a breed apart from all other aircraft. Not only must they climb with blinding speed, but they must be able to locate, intercept and shoot down the fastest bombers—day or night, fair weather or foul. This means each must have its own elaborate radar system and heavy arma-

ment—yet still have reserve power to outfly enemy.

Add to all the above problems the need to train pilots, ground crews, radar technicians . . . build interceptor bases, filter centers . . . and provide 20,000 observation posts for civilian volunteer spotters, and you begin to see what a big job the Air Force is tackling in just this one branch of Air Power.

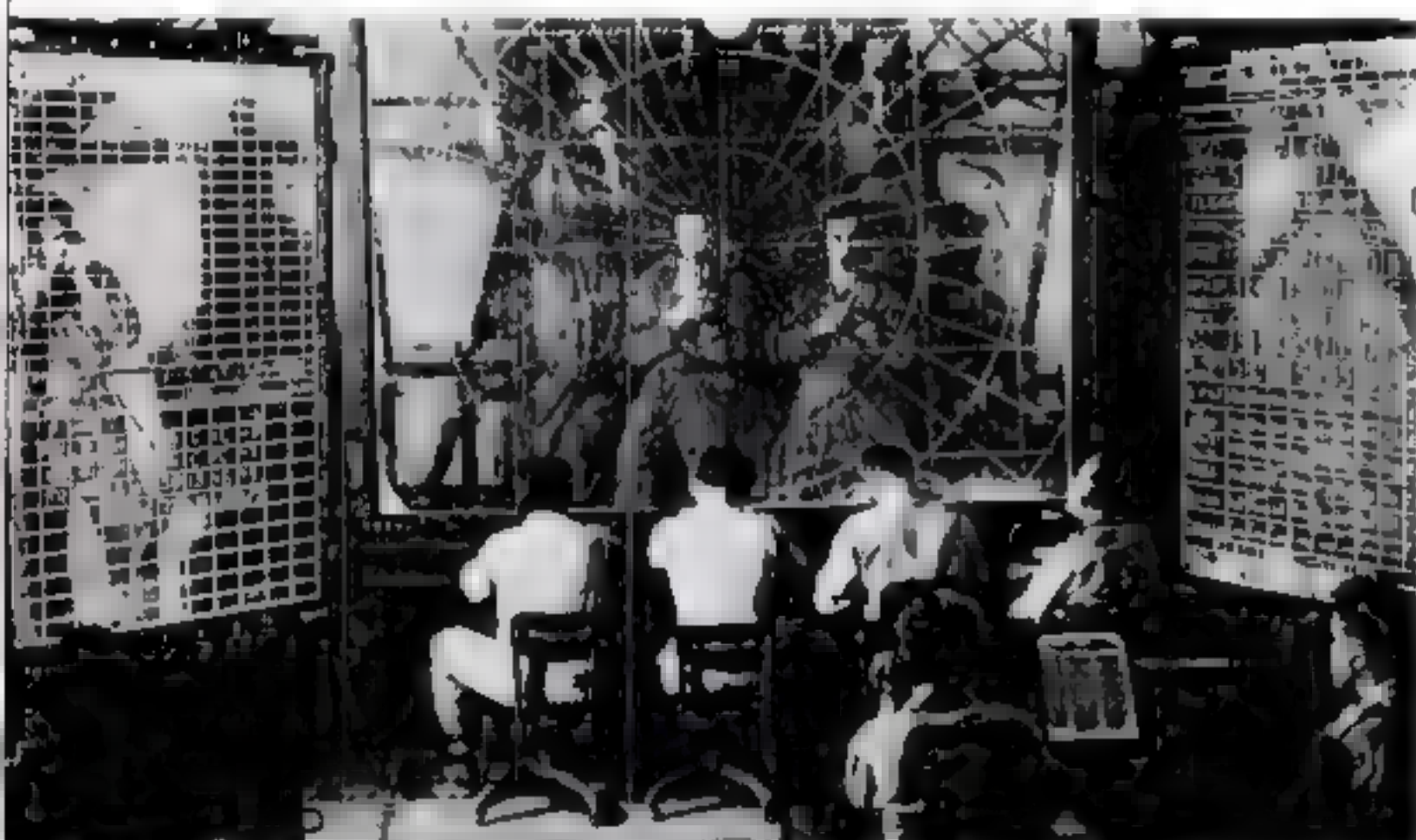
To succeed, the Air Force needs realistic public understanding of the time needed to expand Air Power . . . and a recognition of the hard fact that Air Power must be consistently maintained in peace, if it is to be relied upon to help prevent—or meet—the terrible emergency of war.



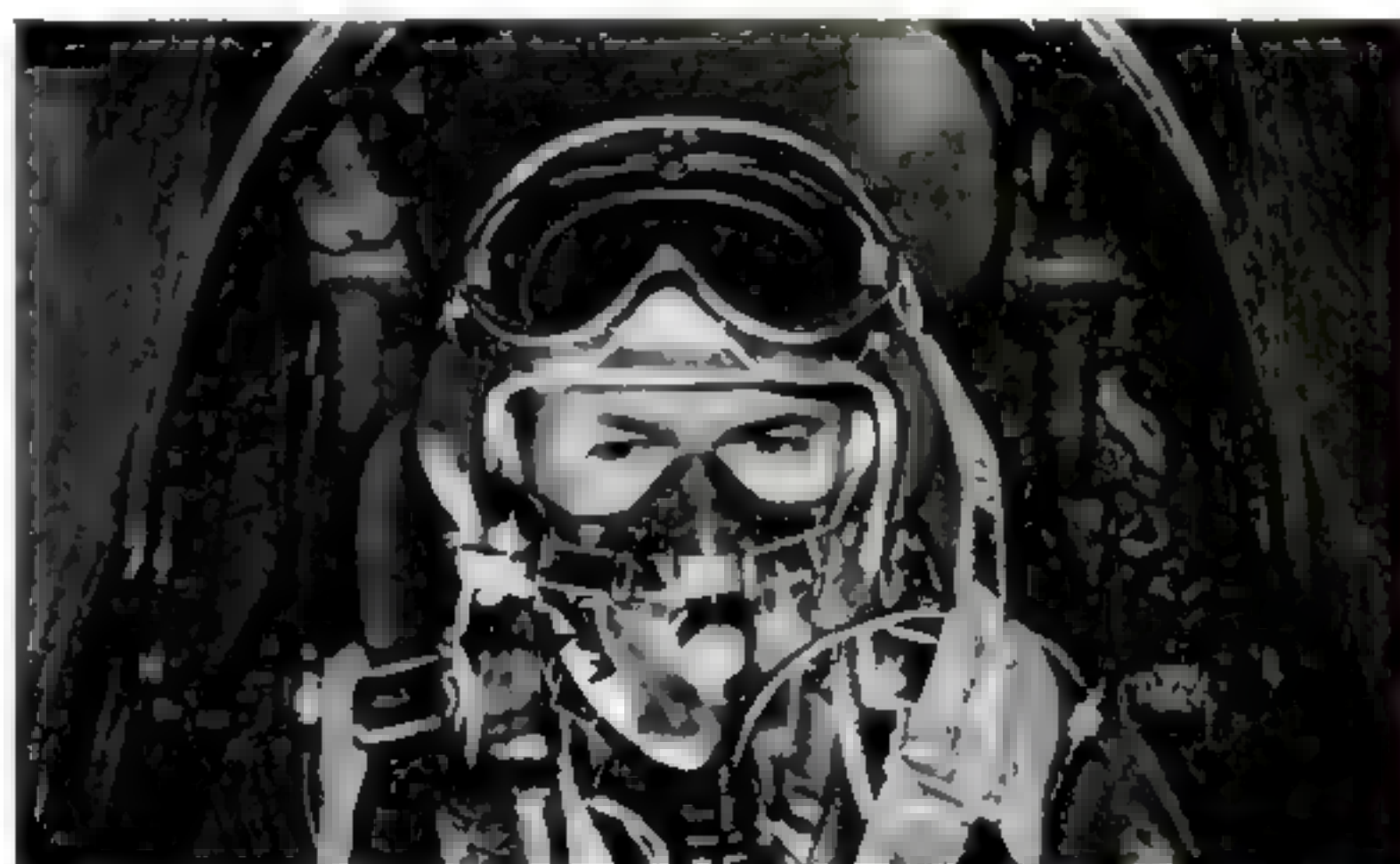
RADAR STATIONS like the one above can detect high-flying attackers about 250 miles away. ADC has spent over two years building a \$295,000,000 chain of such outposts to guard air approaches to the U. S. Size of this overall task is indicated by the fact that the total equipment for just one big radar installation can fill 50 railroad cars. Radar-equipped interceptors, ships, even submarines, are used to complement the relatively limited range of land-based radar stations.



A HALF MILLION CITIZEN VOLUNTEERS working under ADC's direction are needed to man 20,000 observation posts located on the U. S.'s defense perimeter on a 24-hour basis. Their reports make up for radar's inability to quickly detect low-flying aircraft. Other volunteers at 50 filter centers assist ADC by helping to plot plane courses as reports are received.



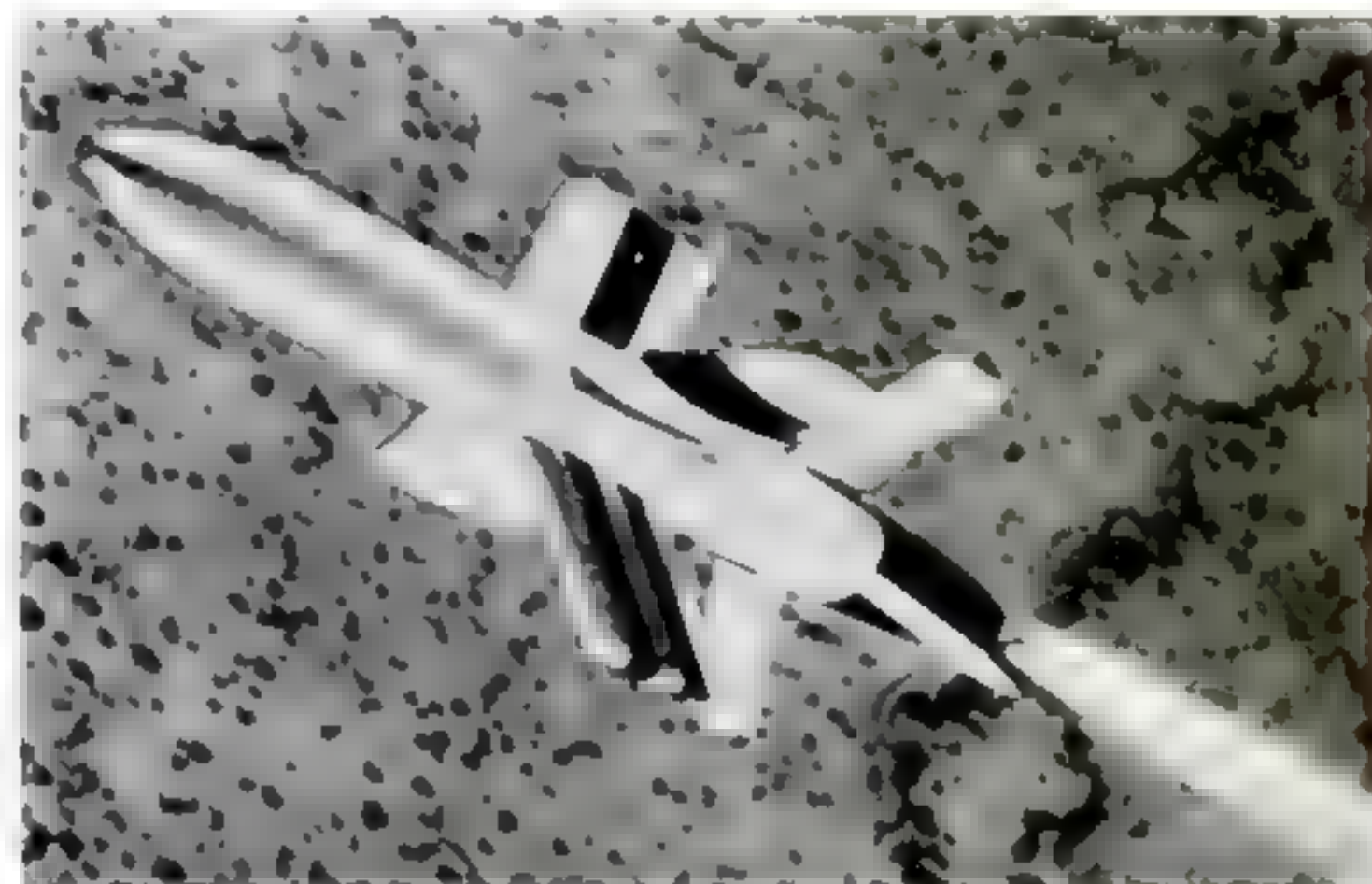
PLANE TRACKERS at a number of ADC's secret Ground Control Intercept units correlate information from radar and filter centers and mark progress of "attacking" aircraft on huge plexiglass gridded maps. Plane controllers, seated in front, use information to alert interceptor squadrons, help direct them to targets by radio.



INTERCEPTOR CREWS are the "cream of the crop." Just one two-man crew—pilot and radar operator—requires more than two years of training and "seasoning" at a cost in excess of \$70,000. The Air Defense Command also has the huge task of training thousands of highly skilled specialists to maintain aircraft and to man radar installations.



ALL-WEATHER interceptors (above, Lockheed F-94 "Starfires") are far more complex than their World War II counterparts. Today's interceptors require 12 times as many aerodynamic engineering hours, 21 times as many wind tunnel hours, and 120 times as many flight test hours as a similar type in 1942. Radar alone, for one new plane, costs about \$60,000—a sum larger than cost of total airframe 10 years ago. But modern types fly $1\frac{1}{4}$ times faster, $1\frac{1}{2}$ times higher, and have engines 7 times as powerful at peak output.



GUIDED MISSILE research (above, experimental Ryan "Firebird") may lead to the creation of a pilotless weapon for interception as well as other missions. But continuous design and development of many other types of aircraft, engines, and equipment must also be carried on simultaneously by manufacturers, if the U. S. is to achieve air superiority. Only through a sound Air Power Policy—and elimination of "stop and go" planning—can America be assured of air strength to meet all emergencies.

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION • EAST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Makers of Pratt & Whitney engines, Hamilton Standard propellers, Chance Vought airplanes and Sikorsky helicopters for the United States' armed forces and the finest airlines in the world.

Guard Against Throat-Scratch

*enjoy the smooth smoking of
fine tobaccos*

See how **PALL MALL's** greater length
of fine tobaccos filters
the smoke on the way to your throat



The further your cigarette filters the smoke through fine tobaccos, the milder that smoke becomes. And—from the very first puff, PALL MALL's fine tobaccos filter the smoke further than that of any other leading cigarette.



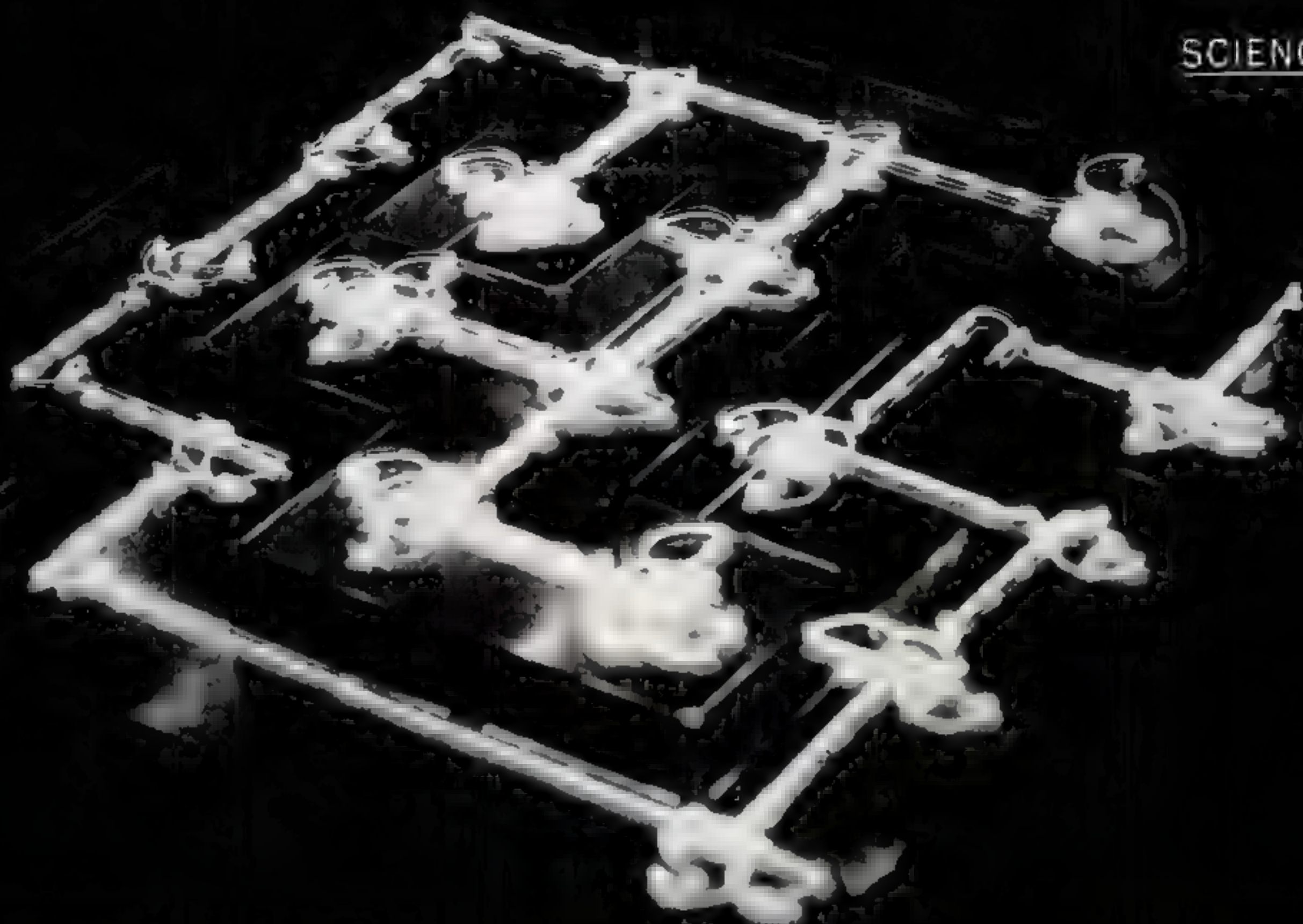
Again after 5—10—or 17 puffs of each cigarette, your own eyes can measure the extra length for extra mildness. For Pall Mall's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the way to your throat—filters the smoke and makes it mild. Thus PALL MALL gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

Wherever you go, notice how many people
have changed to PALL MALL—the longer, finer cigarette
in the distinguished red package.

Outstanding...

and they
are **mild!**



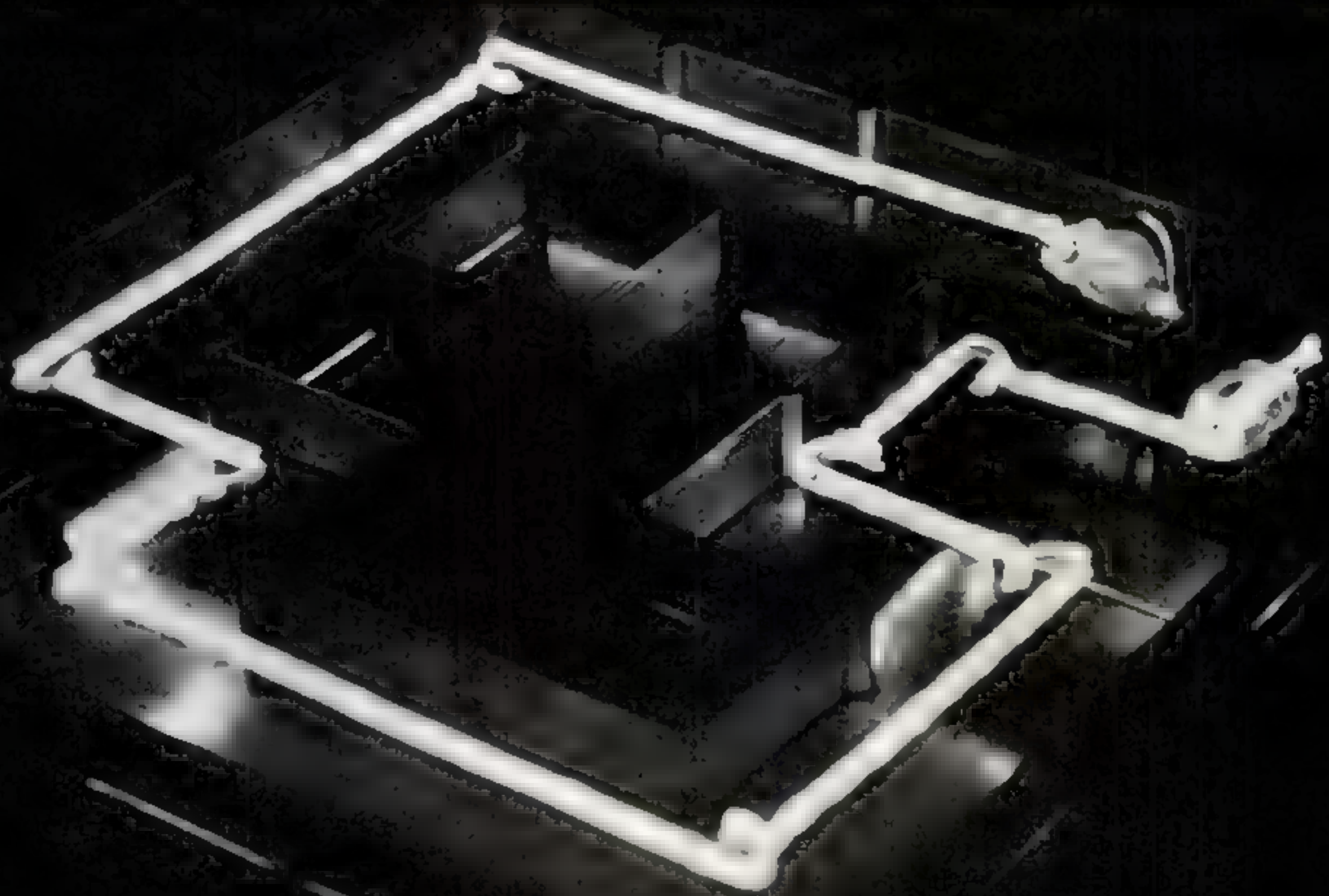


BETTER MOUSE

A robot rodent masters mazes

The mice who muddle through mazes in scientists' laboratories have now been joined and outclassed by a mechanical mouse. His name is Thesius and he was built by Claude Shannon of Bell Laboratories to demonstrate how electronic memory devices work. A light on his

back made the trails shown here when Thesius solved a new maze. On his first attempt (*above*) he wandered as aimlessly as a real mouse until he found a way through. But next time (*below*) he "remembered" the way and headed straight for the bait—a switch that shuts off his motor.





Everything's Here!



"FOLKS ALWAYS REMEMBER US, WHITEY!"



"YES, BLACKIE! PEOPLE EVERYWHERE PREFER BLACK & WHITE SCOTCH WHISKY BECAUSE ITS QUALITY AND CHARACTER NEVER CHANGE!"



"BLACK & WHITE"
The Scotch with Character

BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

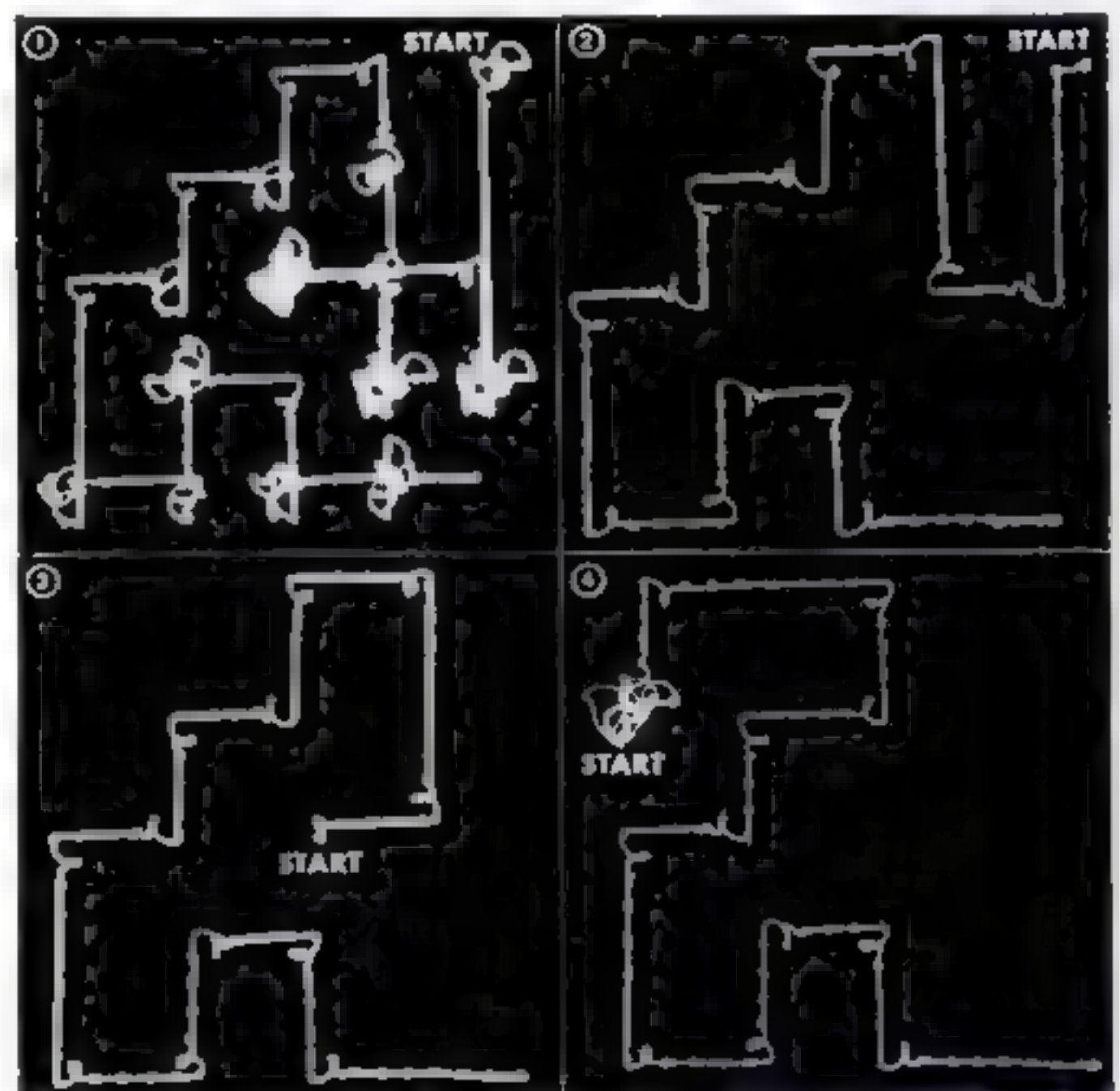
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS



MOUSE'S BRAIN is a system of relay circuits under floor of maze. Maze is divided into 25 walled squares, each with one or more doors. When the mouse's whiskers touch a wall, circuits make him turn. When he finds way out of a square, circuits record which wall was open so he can go right through next time.



MOUSE'S BODY is a wooden shell which covers magnetic inwards. Whiskers are copper wire.



MEMORY TESTS show how Thesius learns. In first trial the mouse makes wrong turns, leaves complicated trail. Second time he starts from the same place, goes straight to the goal. In third trial he is started from different spot but is on the original trail, so has no trouble. The fourth time he is put in an unfamiliar square, blunders around until he gets on the course he has learned.

Don't pay with parched lips for lasting lipstick color!

MAX Factor introduces
amazing
new

Color-Fast

the only lipstick that
actually softens your lips—
yet stays on longer!

Now your lips can look lovely longer... feel good, too. Max Factor has patented an entirely different way of making lipstick... the exclusive Color-Fast process. Your lips *don't dry out*, stay caressingly soft, because this process brings you **FOUR TIMES** as much lanolin in a lipstick that *stays on longer** than any "indelible" lipstick. And COLOR-FAST lipstick looks smoother, goes on more easily, too. For lips that look lovely longer, yet stay as soft as velvet get Max Factor's New Color-Fast Lipstick today. At your favorite department or drug store cosmetic counter.

Eight Exciting New Shades

See these new Fashion-Right COLOR-FAST shades at your favorite drug or cosmetic counter.

Party Pink
a lovely rose-pink

Golden Flame
brilliant orange red

Wild Orchid
light fuchsia

Coral Spray
a delicate pink-coral

Cherry Cherry
pure deep-red

Red, Red Rose
full-toned rose red

Clearly Red
brilliant clear red

Brighter Red
sparkling medium red



MAX Factor's
new Color-fast
lipstick \$1.10 plus tax

Also Max Factor's Regular Lipstick—Created in
12 Fashion-Harmony Shades. \$1.10 plus tax.



PIPER LAURIE

as she looks when away from the
camera. In private life, for fun or
for work, this enchanting young star
uses Max Factor's New
Color-Fast Lipstick.

Now appearing in
"SON OF ALI BABA"
a Universal International Picture
Color by Technicolor

*GUARANTEE: I personally guarantee that my new
Color-Fast Lipstick will stay on longer, be non-drying
and entirely safe for sensitive lips. Try it. If you don't
agree, return the unused portion to me and I will send
you a full refund. MAX FACTOR, Jr., Hollywood,
Calif.



CAGE OF LOVE is the kind of act the Folies audiences have come to expect — performers racing up aisles, jumping out of boxes or swinging from the balcony.

This feathered beauty, Veronica Bell, sings soprano arias over the spectators' heads as she drops in her gaudy cage from the ceiling and is hoisted up again.



IN A CHARACTERISTIC FOLIES NUMBER, "NEW ORLEANS," YVONNE MENARD IS A HIGH-KICKING BUSSY

FOLIES-BERGERE

OVERDRESSED AND UNDERDRESSED GIRLS LURE U.S. TOURISTS IN PARIS

To obtain the gratifying sensation that they are being devilish, nearly a quarter million American tourists this year will manage during their trip to Paris to buy a ticket for the Folies-Bergère. This world-famous revue displays the female form in a state that has been roughly computed as 95% nude. Nevertheless the Folies, which began in 1869, seems to Parisians almost as solid an institution as the Bank of France, and is considered practically as respectable in Paris as Radio City Music Hall in New York.

The current show, called *Une Vraie Folie* (A True Folly), has some 40 scenes including ballets, pageants, musical numbers and skits. It follows the venerable Folies formula, which simply requires that its *figurantes*, *vedettes* or cuties be either magnificently overdressed or

underdressed. The nudes, who wear nothing more than a variation on a fig leaf, disdain the coy exhibitionism of U.S. strip-teasers and parade with open nonchalance.

But if underdressing is the wine and seasoning of the Folies, the meat and potatoes are the elaborate spectacle numbers, which involve all kinds of kings, queens, devils, mythological creatures and assorted sirens. To put on this year's super-sumptuous show, Director-Owner Paul Derval, a stolid French businessman who took over the Folies in 1923, spent \$428,000. He expects each show to run about three years, often gets 500 standees a night. Monsieur Derval plans to bring his Folies to Broadway next year, feels he can somehow get around the New York censor's insistence that showgirls wear at least some suggestion of a brassiere.



"UNDERWATER" FANTASY SHOWS THE GARDEN STATUE, WHO IS CALLIVANTING AT POOL IN FOUR SCENES BELOW, HOLDING COURT BENEATH THE POOL.

FANTASY IN POOL, A STAR IN PLUMES

Because many Folies spectators do not understand French, the show relies mainly on razzle-dazzle visual effects. (In the summer 40% of audiences are Americans; other tourist patrons in order of their numbers are British, Belgian,

Scandinavian, Swiss.) What plots there are need little explaining since, like the fable of the lady and the statue shown here, they seem to have been dreamed up by some Parisian cornball for the sole purpose of showing off pretty



AQUATIC LOVE STORY begins when a tipsy lady at a garden party comes upon statue beside a



pool, strips off most of her clothes and splashes enticingly around him. Stirred by her blandishments,



the statue comes to life, casts her down to his underwater domain (top of page). In the last scene



WITH HARP-PLAYING NEREIDS AND FISHERMEN

figures. This kind of fantasy embodies the Folies spirit. So does the young lady at right. She is Yvonne Menard, who does not sing or dance much, but romps around the stage like a filly just beginning to get her running legs.



the love-smitten statue takes her back to his pedestal and she joins him by becoming a statue herself.



THE FOLIES STAR, Yvonne Menard, steps onto an illuminated glass runway in front of orchestra

conductor to act as a mistress of ceremonies, chatting with audience, introducing Folies members.



EILEEN O'DARE WALKS ON AIR

Every night the loudest applause for the Folies-Bergère goes to the only American girl in the show, 22-year-old Eileen O'Dare, whose amazing flip-flops (*above*) make her look as if she were walking on air. Eileen joins a long line of

performers who were seen at the Folies in the early stages of their careers, including Charlie Chaplin, Fatty Arbuckle, Maurice Chevalier, Josephine Baker. Eileen also appears at another haunt of U.S. tourists, Le Bal Tabarin.



SNOWY SETTING, with 16 Russian well-meaning sled, serves as background for Polish coloratura soprano who wears elaborate French costume and sings Italian arias.



TIPSY SETTING is favorite Foles effect. This tilted tableau, *The Cardinals' Chess Game*, is based on a Holbein painting in Louvre. The furniture was hoisted to the floor.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

SUMPTUOUS SPLENDOR reminiscent of the court spectacles that French kings used to stage at Versailles is another basic folies ingredient. In the current show's most lavish scene the girls, masked and gowned to look like Sèvres porcelain figures, do a dainty doll dance among waist-high dummy dolls.





KATHRYN GRAYSON, co-starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "LOVELY TO LOOK AT"—Color by Technicolor.



KATHRYN GRAYSON . . . Lustre-Creme presents one of Hollywood's most glamorous stars. Like the majority of top Hollywood stars, Miss Grayson uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her beautiful hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest . . . with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Kathryn Grayson uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to keep her hair always alluring. The care of her beautiful hair is vital to her glamour-career.

You, too, like Kathryn Grayson, will notice a glorious difference in your hair, once you know the magic of Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse, dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean.

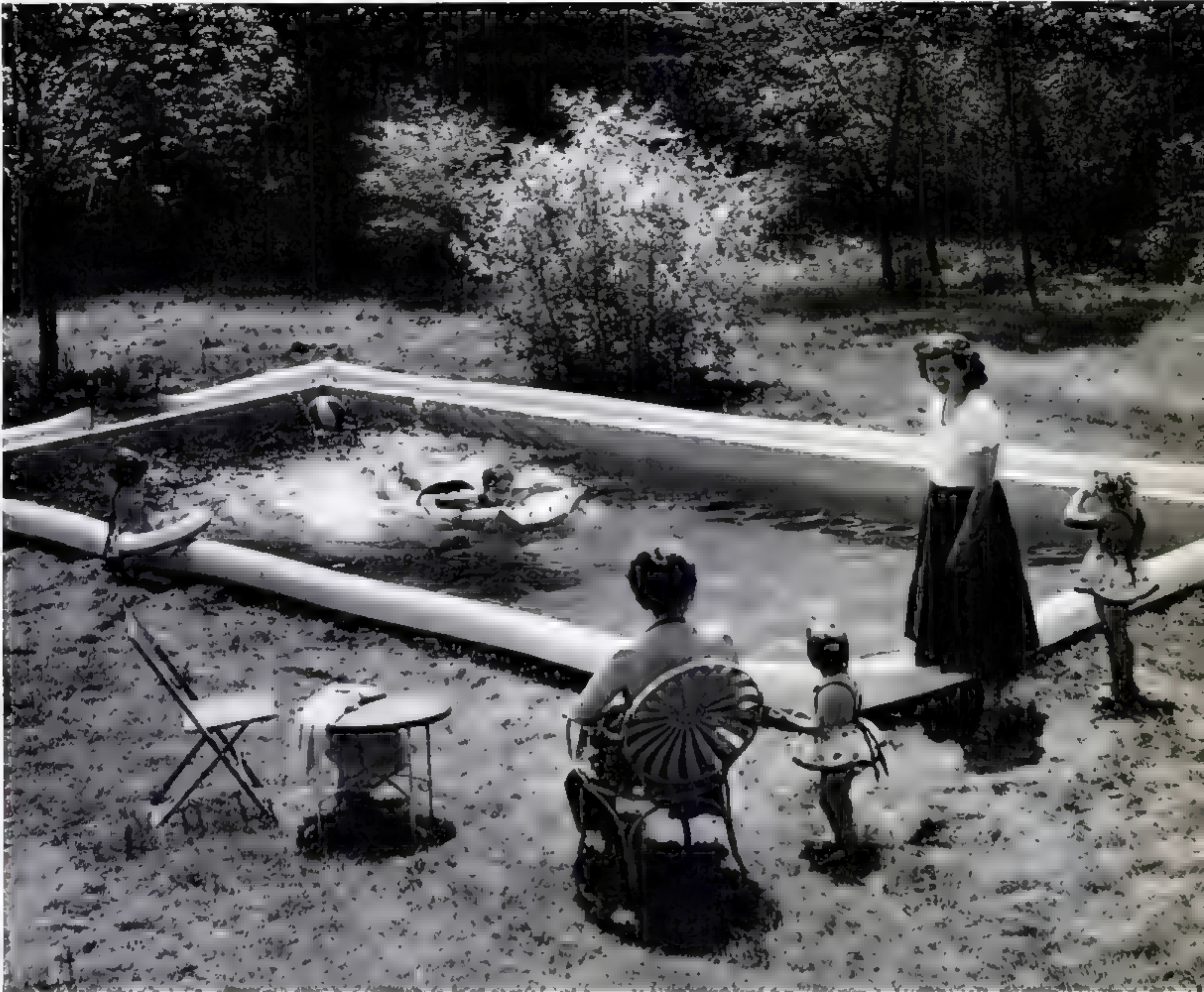
Rebel hair is tamed to respond to the lightest brush touch. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights. Lathers lavishly in hardest water . . . no need for a special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme, the world's finest shampoo, chosen for "the world's most beautiful hair"!



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$2.

FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD STARS use LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO for GLAMOROUS HAIR



PLASTIC POOL, WHICH IS SKY BLUE IN COLOR, IS SHALLOW ENOUGH AT THE 3-FOOT END FOR CHILDREN, BUT DEEP ENOUGH AT THE OTHER FOR DIVING

A SWIMMING POOL FOR \$450

Made of heavy plastic, it is full size, durable, easy to maintain

A new full-size swimming pool of Vinylite which may cost as little as \$450 installed is making it possible for the first time for average U.S. families to enjoy private swimming in their own back yards. The plastic pool which has been on sale in department stores for the past six weeks is 27 feet long by 12 feet wide, 3 to 5 feet deep, holds 10,000 gallons of water and is supposed, with proper care, to last up to 20 years. A steel pool of comparable size costs about \$4,000, a concrete pool \$2,200 or more, depending on where it is built.

The pool's plastic liner costs \$275. Installation charges vary with conditions. Not much

wooden framing is needed if the soil is firm, but in sandy or loose soil plywood or asbestos-cement board walls are needed. The pool can be filled with a garden hose from any water supply and emptied by a sump pump or standard plumbing drain. In good soil a pool can be installed for \$175. In difficult soil, with elaborate plumbing and accessories, installation might run as high as \$500.

Maintaining the pool is easy. It is cleaned with soap, water and a soft rag, requires no expensive yearly painting. Only dangers are sharp toys or rocks which might cut it. A kit for making repairs is included with each pool.



WHOLE PLASTIC POOL with accessories fits in cartons on wheelbarrow. Creosote is on wagon.

RELAX...



TUMS

NO FEAR OF ACID INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN

Relax and enjoy your food! If acid upset follows, simply take Tums. These delicious antacids neutralize the excess acid that causes your stomach distress. That is why you feel fine—so fast.

Tums are carminative; comforting; soothing. Never over-alkalize.

• still only 10¢ a roll



FOR THE TUMMY

GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN NO SODA

best for
ALL
lighters!



more lights
per penny!

longer-lasting
RONSONOL
lighter fuel

- Ronsonol lasts longer — costs less per light
- Ronsonol lights instantly.
- Ronsonol burns with clean, full flame.
- Ronsonol is pleasingly scented.
- Buy Ronsonol, world's finest lighter fuel, today!
- Also get extra-long Ronson Red-skin 'Flints'.

4oz. can
25¢



Plastic Pool CONTINUED



LAYING OUT POOL FOR BULLDOZER IS FIRST STEP. ALMOST EVERYONE NEEDS A CONTRACTOR TO INSTALL POOL



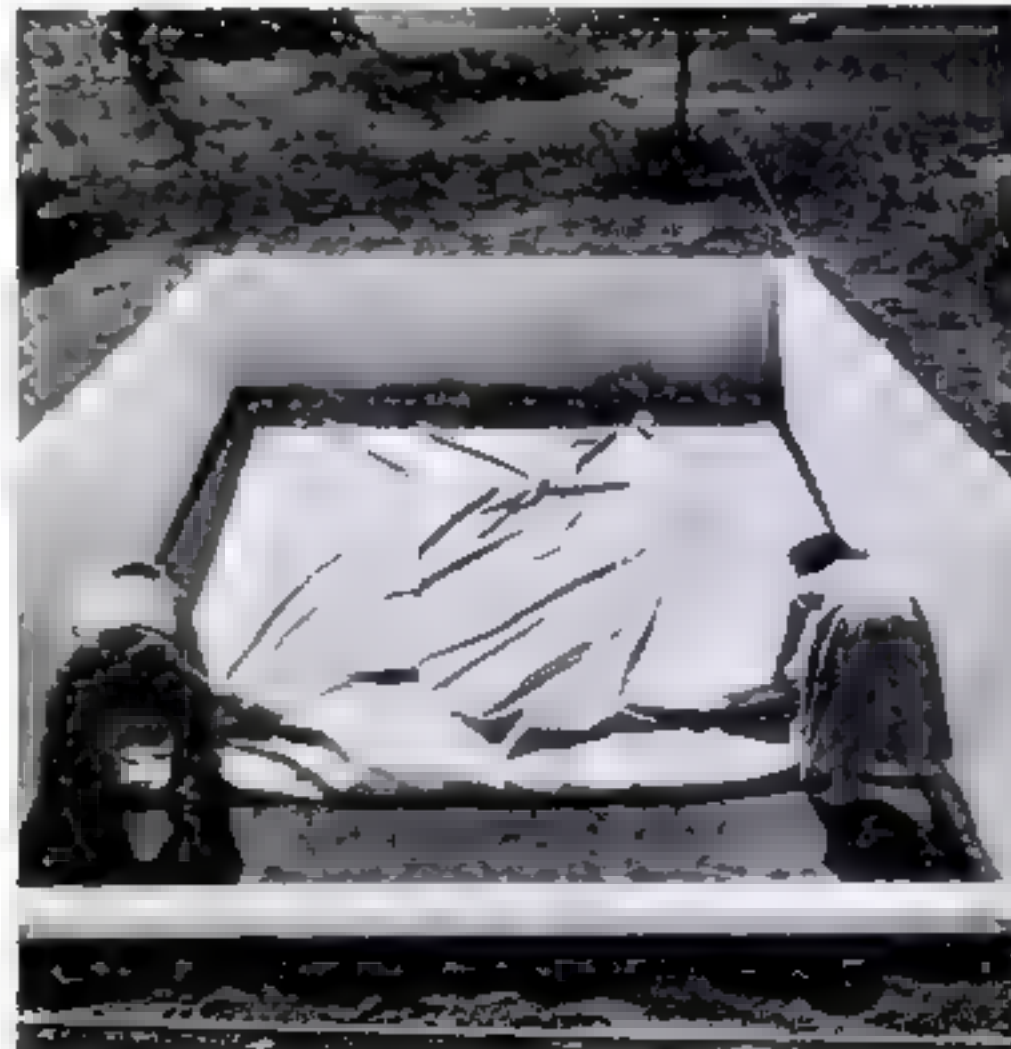
BULLDOZER scoops out hole. Dimensions must be exact. If there is any error plastic liner will not fit neatly.



RETAINING WALLS are needed in loose soil. These are plywood creosoted on underside, painted on other.



CURBING is put on after side walls are in place. Planks across bottom brace walls, will be covered with sifted dirt.



PLASTIC LINER, all in one piece, is unrolled, fastened securely over curb. Bottom soil has been sifted, rolled.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

ALLIE REYNOLDS

N.Y. YANKEES PITCHING STAR SAYS-

"Now! Your favorite **man's deodorant**
in a new **money-saving size!**"



OF LEADING SPRAY DEODORANTS

ONLY MENNEN HAS ALL 4!

Brand	1 Checks Perspiration	2 Special Deodorizing Agent*	3 Special Drying Agent	4 Type of Scent
MENNEN	YES	YES	YES	
SPRAY B	YES	NO	NO	Sweet Perfume
SPRAY C	YES	NO	NO	Sweet Perfume



Active athletes ought to know. Allie Reynolds says, "Men, guard against perspiration odors with Mennen Spray Deodorant! It's long-lasting, thanks to special ingredient Permatec...Crisp, masculine scent... Quick—Just squeeze, it sprays! Ask for it in the new 98¢ giant economy size at your favorite drug counter—today!" **P.S.**, to the ladies: Buy him his first bottle!

Also available in Canada.

Sitting
for a Lovely
Luncheon!



Now in the extra value pack...the new Ivy! Last-word idea in decor for your table...smart as fine china yet it's **SERVISSET**...those inexpensive matched paper plates, Handi-Handie® cups, napkins and table cover. Lovely to look at, such fun to use...and no dishes to wash!

See also "Purity"® for big value, for handy everyday use.



SUTHERLAND PAPER COMPA

Plastic Pool CONTINUED



BUMPER (or pads optional, costs \$57). Here, after having been inflated with vacuum cleaner, it will be fitted around edges to keep debris out, water in.



PLASTIC COVER for pool costs \$50 extra, keeps pets, children from falling in water. It supports weight of 150-pound boy who takes running jumps on it.



Not a shadow of a doubt — with Kotex

Not a shadow of a revealing outline
because only Kotex of all leading napkins gives you
ends that are flat and pressed.

Not a doubt — for confidence and peace-of-mind
go hand in hand with the extra absorbency and safety
of Kotex . . . proved superior by actual use!

Best of all, *this* pad is made to *stay soft* while
wearing . . . to retain its fit and comfort for hours
and hours. No wonder Kotex is America's first
choice in napkins . . . *always, very personally yours.*

*More women choose Kotex**
than all other sanitary napkins



DRESS BY
HERBERT S. THOMAS



Open the door!...

It's marvelous!
It's motorless!

Not a single moving
part in the entire
freezing system to
break down...wear out...
or make a sound!

The miracle of
ice from a
tiny Gas flame!

Choice of interior color
decoration—first time
in any refrigerator!

Immense freezer
compartment!

Automatic defrosting!

Exclusive Permacold—
three perfect, constant
cold zones!

Butter conditioner!

Adjustable shelves!

New free-hand
door handles!

And every other
up-to-the-minute feature!
See them all!

to the most care-free...
repair-free refrigerator
in the world!

Open the door to the exciting, glamorous, all-new Gas Servel refrigerators for 1952! Every convenience... every beauty... every experience-tested feature is here. Everything—plus the marvel of the motorless freezing system that is so smooth, so silent, so completely trouble-free that Servel gives you a **10-year-long warranty** on it—twice as long as any other refrigerator carries! Don't wait—go quickly—open the door of the new Servels and see why Gas beats all others—COLD!

*See them!
You can't
hear them!
Exciting
all-new
Servel*



AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

GAS—the modern fuel for automatic cooking . . . re-
frigeration . . . water-heating . . . house-heating . . .
air-conditioning . . . clothes-drying . . . incineration

Smoke for Pleasure

today—

No Cigarette Hangover

tomorrow!



No wonder PHILIP MORRIS has gained more than two million new smokers in the past 5 years! Try PHILIP MORRIS yourself. Your throat will note the difference. And that difference is delightful!

Remember: PHILIP MORRIS is made differently from any other leading brand. And that difference is your guarantee of everything you've ever wanted in a cigarette...tasty mildness, rich flavor, pleasant aroma . . . a clean, refreshing smoke that leaves NO CIGARETTE HANGOVER!

You'll be glad tomorrow . . .
you smoked Philip Morris today!



CALL
FOR

PHILIP MORRIS



WHICH HEAD OF HAIR ISN'T THE PHONY?

TO SEE WHICH ONE IS MODEL'S OWN, TURN THE PAGE

Get 5 times more active chlorophyll!

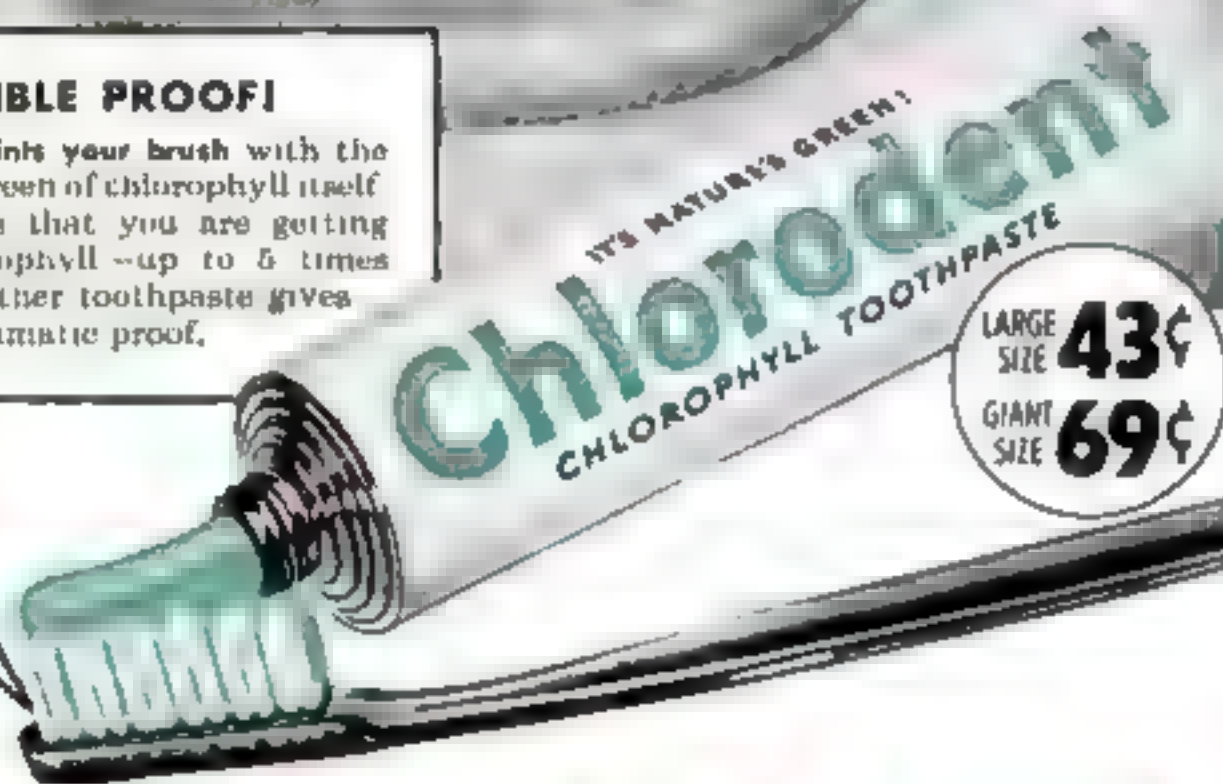
A chlorophyll toothpaste can do wonders—if it contains enough active chlorophyll. Chlorodent gives you up to 5 times more active chlorophyll than other chlorophyll toothpastes!



VISIBLE PROOF!

Chlorodent tints your brush with the deep, rich green of chlorophyll itself. This proves that you are getting active chlorophyll—up to 5 times more! No other toothpaste gives you this dramatic proof.

GIVES YOU A



Clean Fresh Mouth All Day Long!

To have a clean, fresh mouth all day, insist on Chlorodent. No other dentifrice maker can use the Chlorodent active-chlorophyll formula, because it's patented (Pat. No. 2216816).

New freedom from MOUTH ODORS!



In hundreds of actual tests, Chlorodent stopped mouth odor for hours... far longer than ordinary white toothpaste. By using Chlorodent regularly—preferably after meals—you can be free of mouth odor all day!

Half of all tooth losses caused by GUM TROUBLES!

It pays to remember that Chlorodent promotes the growth of firm, healthy-pink tissue. If you have tender gums, you will



UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE

We think you'll find Chlorodent the finest toothpaste you ever used. If you don't agree, return unused portion to Lever Brothers Co., New York. We'll refund purchase price plus postage!

want to see your dentist and use Chlorodent for its fast relief of this condition.

Fights TOOTH DECAY!



Chlorodent removes mouth acids that "eat" into tooth enamel... and the bacteria which cause them. Keeps teeth so clean that bacteria find it difficult to multiply. No other toothpaste offers better protection than Chlorodent!

Keeps teeth CLEANEST!

Leading dental scientists tested major dentifrices—chlorophyll, ammoniated and regular. Actual color photos proved that Chlorodent toothpaste was the most effective tooth cleanser! No other toothpaste can give you all these benefits. So, insist on Chlorodent! Buy a tube today.



*Water-soluble chlorophylls

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF PEPDENT

Chlorodent

WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING CHLOROPHYLL TOOTHPASTE

Model's Hair CONTINUED



VIKKI USES THREE WIGS AND WEARS ATTACHABLE BUN OF EXTRA HAIR

WIGS WIN MODEL EXTRA JOBS

The four pictures on the previous page all show New York Model Vikki Dougan, but only the one in the upper left corner shows Vikki in her own long blond hair. The other heads of hair are wigs, which Vikki finds are a great help in getting extra bookings as a model. Tired of being turned down for certain jobs because her hair was not what the photographer wanted, Vikki spent \$200 on a brown poodle-cut wig. At once her bookings went up 20%, and she now plans to buy the long black wig and short blond wig as soon as she can afford them.

Good wigs are expensive because they are made of human hair and because each separate hair must be tied into the net base by hand. At Ira Senz, where Vikki bought her poodle cut, the average wig costs \$200. Since American girls seldom let their hair grow very long, most of the spare hair, both for women's wigs and men's toupees, comes from Europe, much of it from convents. For the elaborate powdered wigs worn in movies and plays, the hair comes from neither American nor European women but from Angora goats and Tibetan yaks.



PUTTING UP WIG, Vikki attaches hair clips to preserve poodle-cut curl. She occasionally sends her wig to a hairdresser for dry cleaning and resetting.

Look! Two ways to make wonderful LEMONADE without squeezing!

1

WITH CONCENTRATE FOR LEMONADE (fresh-frozen or canned). Mix concentrate - a blend of ready-squeezed Pure California Lemon Juice and sugar - with water and ice. In seconds you have a full quart of cooling lemonade. Recommended by nutrition experts. Keep a pitcherful in your refrigerator or let your youngsters mix it themselves. Use Concentrate for Lemonade in punches, mixed drinks, iced t.e.a., too.

2

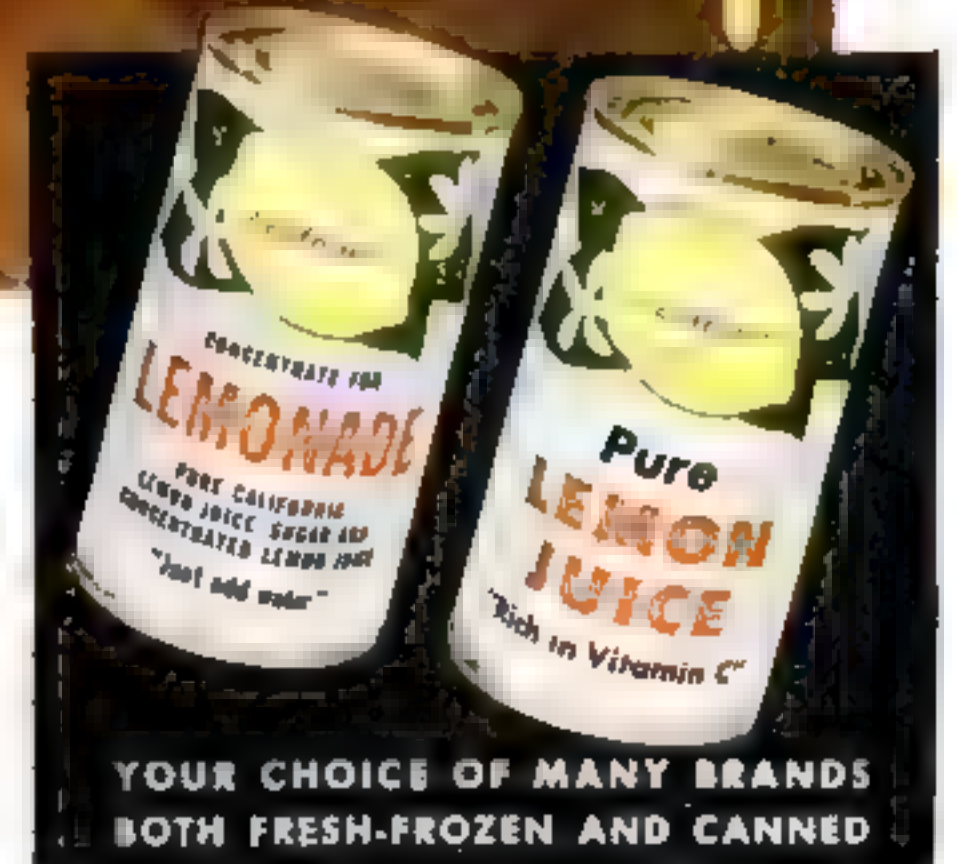
WITH PURE CALIFORNIA LEMON JUICE (canned or fresh-frozen). Blend with sugar, water and ice to suit your taste or recipe. You'll also find Pure California Lemon Juice tasty and economical in any drink or food. You'll especially like its fresh-picked flavor in salad dressings. So handy in cans. No fuss. No bother. Always ready. Pure California Lemon Juice is healthful - rich in Vitamin C. Buy several cans today.



Help yourself to this **PITCHER** of HEALTH

Ice-cold lemonade! So good for kids, teen-agers and grown-ups! So refreshing when you're hot! So delicious at meals, picnics and parties! Ready in seconds with fresh-frozen or canned Concentrate for Lemonade or Pure California Lemon Juice. No squeezing.

Keep a supply of these handy cans in your freezer or kitchen cupboard. Enjoy Pure California Lemon Juice every day in beverages and foods. Use it whenever a recipe calls for lemon juice. Lemon Products Advisory Board, Los Angeles, California



**YOUR CHOICE OF MANY BRANDS
BOTH FRESH-FROZEN AND CANNED**

Old Sunny Brook with ice—
tastes like a ^{COOL} million!



**WORLD'S
LARGEST SELLING
KENTUCKY WHISKEY**

THE OLD SUNNY BROOK COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

ERNEST M. BUSH
GOVERNOR

June 11, 1961

Mr. & Mrs. Stephen S. Gladwyn
United States Broadcasting Co.,
New York City, New York

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Gladwyn,

Due to a most lamentable misunderstanding, the ceremony that joined you in marriage was performed by Justice of the Peace Melvin Bush before the authorized date of his appointment.

Accordingly, we are compelled to inform you that you are not legally married.

We regret having to notify you at this late date, but this error was only recently discovered upon reviewing our records.

We ask your indulgence in this matter, and trust that you will

'WE'RE NOT MARRIED'

Absent-minded justice of the peace sets off matrimonial convulsions in summer's best film comedy

The tidings in the letter above are grievous to some, welcome to others, a joke or a calamity depending on circumstances. The letter was sent out because a pleasantly simple-minded political hack (Victor Moore) was so delighted at being named justice of the peace in a country town that he neglected to check on the date and began joining couples in holy matrimony

a week before his appointment went into effect. Two years later the news breaks in five assorted homes throughout the land; and what happens then makes up the five gay and sometimes hilarious episodes of a movie called *We're Not Married* (20th Century-Fox).

The brightest spot in a sad cinematic summer, *We're Not Married* takes a few snappily

satiric cracks at certain features of contemporary American life—beauty contests, suburban comfort, a dyspeptic radio couple who gurggle to each other over breakfast beverages which they refer to in private as "laundry juice." It mixes its satire with proper doses of sentiment so that the final verdict of the picture is that marriage is a worthwhile thing after all.



A DOUR COUPLE of radio commentators (Fred Allen and Ginger Rogers) get married. The only reason for the joyless ceremony is that they have a chance to start a Mr.-and-Mrs. breakfast program and have to be married to get the job.



SMILING COUPLE receives news two years later that marriage is kaput while they are at studio preparing to spew out syrupy praise of breakfast foods. Smiles continue until sponsor says they must get legally married or lose their program.



*If sweet soft drinks
leave you thirsty...*

Switch to SQUIRT Never an after-thirst

*Fresh, clean taste as you drink Squirt...
Fresh, clean taste after you drink Squirt...
Never an after-thirst!*

Yes, if sweet soft drinks leave you reaching for a
water-chaser, then Switch to Squirt—the one
soft drink that can say and prove—
Never an after-thirst!



When you serve mixed drinks,
and when you drink, be smooth about it...
Switch to Squirt, the SMOOTH mixer.

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'We're Not Married' CONTINUED



BONANZA FOR A BEAUTY QUEEN

Second pair of judge's victims has gone on to a town in Mississippi, where the wife (Marilyn Monroe) is struggling toward the title of Mrs. America while husband (David Wayne) changes diapers. Discovery that they are not married offers her a chance, for a while, to aim at flashier awards which go with title of Miss—instead of Mrs.—America.




BINGE FOR A BUSINESSMAN

The next couple (Paul Douglas and Eve Arden) has settled down to a suburban life of deadly conventionality and dullness. Letter from the judge opens to husband a lovely vista of nightclubs, blondes, champagne until he begins to think of the hangovers and the astronomical checks which used to go with such pursuits when he was a bachelor.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

Look and stay lovelier with new powder like misty snowflakes!



Face flaws  seem to vanish when soft powdery particles cling close to your skin!

Unlike ordinary face powders which are composed of round-pellet powdery particles, Lady Esther Face Powder is made of smooth flat little powdery discs that cling close to your skin. And what a magic beauty difference that makes!

Round-pellet powders give a powdery look! "Hailstone-shaped" particles in ordinary face powders can't cling flat to your skin. Therefore, they pile up on top of each other in little mounds around your nose or cake together into harsh little lines in your skin. Actually they can magnify face flaws.

Soft "snowflake" particles give a smooth even finish! In Lady Esther Face Powder, tiny misty "snowflakes" adhere evenly to the natural contours of your face, hiding every little flaw. Your skin stays faultlessly smooth four long hours at a time!

Nine New Glow Shades! Right now Lady Esther Face Powder is on sale in nine flattering new shades—one especially created for your skintones. Get that shade today at your nearest cosmetic counter. Then, in your own mirror watch tiny face flaws disappear. See your skin glow with new beauty. Then, you'll say, "This one wonderful shade makes me look better than ever before. This new Lady Esther Face Powder is magic."



Lady Esther
FACE POWDER 

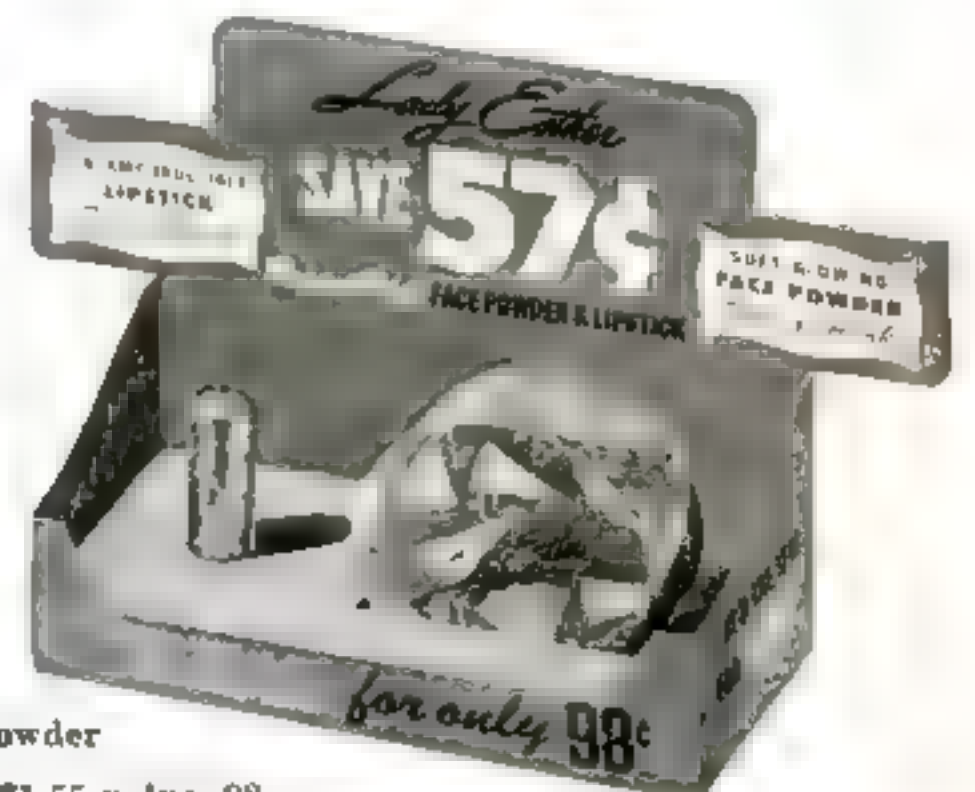
Regular price 55¢, 29¢ and 15¢...plus tax. Slightly higher in Canada.

Like Nature's snowflakes...for your natural look!

**SAVE
57¢**

Try this
exquisite
powder...
special
bargain now!

Bridal Pink Powder
and Lipstick—\$1.55 value, 98¢.



Right Where You Get
ALL THE GAS MILEAGE
YOUR CAR CAN DELIVER



Mobil Tires
 Now with

NEW EXTRA-MILEAGE TREAD

Good news for car owners! Famous Mobil DeLuxe Cushion Tires now have new *Extra-Mileage Tread*—result of advanced process which toughens tire tread . . . gives added resistance to cuts and bruises. For more tire miles get Mobil DeLuxe Cushions!



See Your Mobilgas Dealer for
TIRE QUALITY Every Time—TIRE SERVICE Any Time!

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 DELUXE CUSHION—**TIRES**

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'We're Not Married' CONTINUED



MISERIES FOR A MILLIONAIRE

The fourth episode revolves around a rather unlikely character, a Texas oil millionaire (Louis Calhern) with a Boston accent and outlook. He is married to a kittenish, blackmailing little vixen (Zsa Zsa Gabor) whose only genuine interest is in the size of his stock holdings and bank balances which she can grab in a divorce settlement. Legal technicality of the letter gives the movie an opportunity to disregard Hollywood's rigorous taboo against breaking up even the unhappiest home.



GRIEF FOR A SOLDIER

Fifth pair are a harassed soldier (Eddie Bracken) and his bouncing bride (Mitzi Gaynor). The soldier is determined that his unborn child will not be illegitimate, but since he is sailing overseas in a few hours he is forced to go AWOL to get the wedding ceremony reperformed. Added hazards are created when a patient in the doctor's waiting room where they have gone to get their blood test coughs loud enough to attract the attention of military policemen who are tailing the soldier.



Engineering to the Nth power

O'er the ramparts we watch as we track
a guided missile aimed at an attacking enemy or his home
base. Yes, missiles may fight tomorrow's battles or prevent
them. And Convair, the *only* company developing and build-
ing every basic type of aircraft, has a guided missile team
helping America achieve a weapons system for every con-
ceivable mission. Watch for new ramparts of peace, built
through engineering that aims at the
maximum of power — the *Nth Power!*

CONVAIR

SAN DIEGO & POMONA, CALIFORNIA — FORT WORTH & DALLAS, TEXAS

CONVAIR WILL SOON MANUFACTURE A TYPE OF MISSILE FOR THE U. S. NAVY BUREAU OF CRUSADERS IN POMONA, CALIFORNIA — AMERICA'S FIRST PLANT FOR THE MASS PRODUCTION OF OPERATIONAL GUIDED MISSILES



A DRAGONFLY NYMPH CATCHES A GUPPY IN ITS POWERFUL PINCERS

NYMPH EMERGES INTO DRAGONFLY

An ugly insect wrestles its way to beauty

For the greater part of its life the glistening dragonfly is an ugly brown underwater insect. During this "nymph" stage, which lasts about two years, it feeds on other insects and small fish (above), shedding its skin as many as a dozen times while it grows steadily larger. Finally, in late spring or summer, it climbs out of the water, bursts its drab skin for the last time and through agonized gyrations emerges in its familiar green and silver beauty.

To record this transformation, Photographer Wallace Kirkland had to use the same kind of ingenuity and patience that produced the remarkable picture of the trout snapping a fly (LIFE, April 28). Because of the focusing and lighting problems it was impossible to work outdoors, so he put some nymphs in an aquarium in his Chicago studio. There the nymphs thrived on a diet of guppies and insects, but they kept emerging at night or when Kirkland was away on other assignments. He set his alarm clock for two-hour intervals during the night to catch the emergence, but then the nymphs moved so much that the delicate, close-up focusing was difficult. He tried gluing their tiny feet to the stick, but the nymphs always died. If Kirkland failed to keep enough guppies in the tanks, the nymphs began eating each other. Finally, after three years, 500 nymphs and 500 guppies, one healthy nymph crawled out on the stick, burst its skin and stayed in focus for three hours while Kirkland shot the spectacular sequence on these pages.

When its wings dry the dragonfly is ready for the final stage of its life. During the summer the female lays up to 50,000 eggs which will become next year's ugly nymphs. As long as the warm days last the dragonfly skims over ponds and streams, shimmering in the sunlight until, with the coming of fall, it dies of cold.



AFTER CRAWLING OUT OF WATER, DRAGONFLY NYMPH BURSTS ITS SKIN (ABOVE).



WITH AN EXTREME EFFORT THE DRAGONFLY FINALLY PULLS ITSELF UP AND OUT





IT FALLS BACKWARD UNTIL ONLY TIP OF TAIL IS STILL CAUGHT IN THE HUSK. THERE IT RESTS FOR 10 MINUTES, GATHERING STRENGTH FOR ITS NEXT EFFORT



OF HUSK (PICTURES ABOVE) THEN IT WAITS FOR WINGS TO EXPAND AND DRY (BELOW), WHEN WINGS ARE DRY DRAGONFLY SPREADS THEM AND FLIES AWAY



KEEP COOL

When all the shouting is over, folks will go right on voting for Budweiser. They like its unchanging platform . . . supreme quality, distinctive taste and golden brilliance. Through the years more people have chosen Budweiser than any other beer in history.



Budweiser®

LAGER BEER

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC....ST. LOUIS, MO. NEWARK, N. J.



ON 8-FOOT TOM WALKERS MADE OF SCRAP LUMBER, KENNETH LOOKS DOWN ON BROTHERS AND A FRIEND BALANCED ON SHORTER ONES KEN HAS OUTGROWN

Tennessee Walking Stilts

Sooner or later, on a lazy summer afternoon, most country boys learn to walk on a pair of stilts—Tom Walkers, they are called in the South. Then, because there is a vacation full of swimming or fishing to be done, the stilts are tossed on the woodpile and forgotten. But in Cannon County, Tenn., where tow-headed Kenneth Merriman lives, Tom Walking is considered a special sport. This year, spurred by his father's tales of boyhood exploits, 13-year-

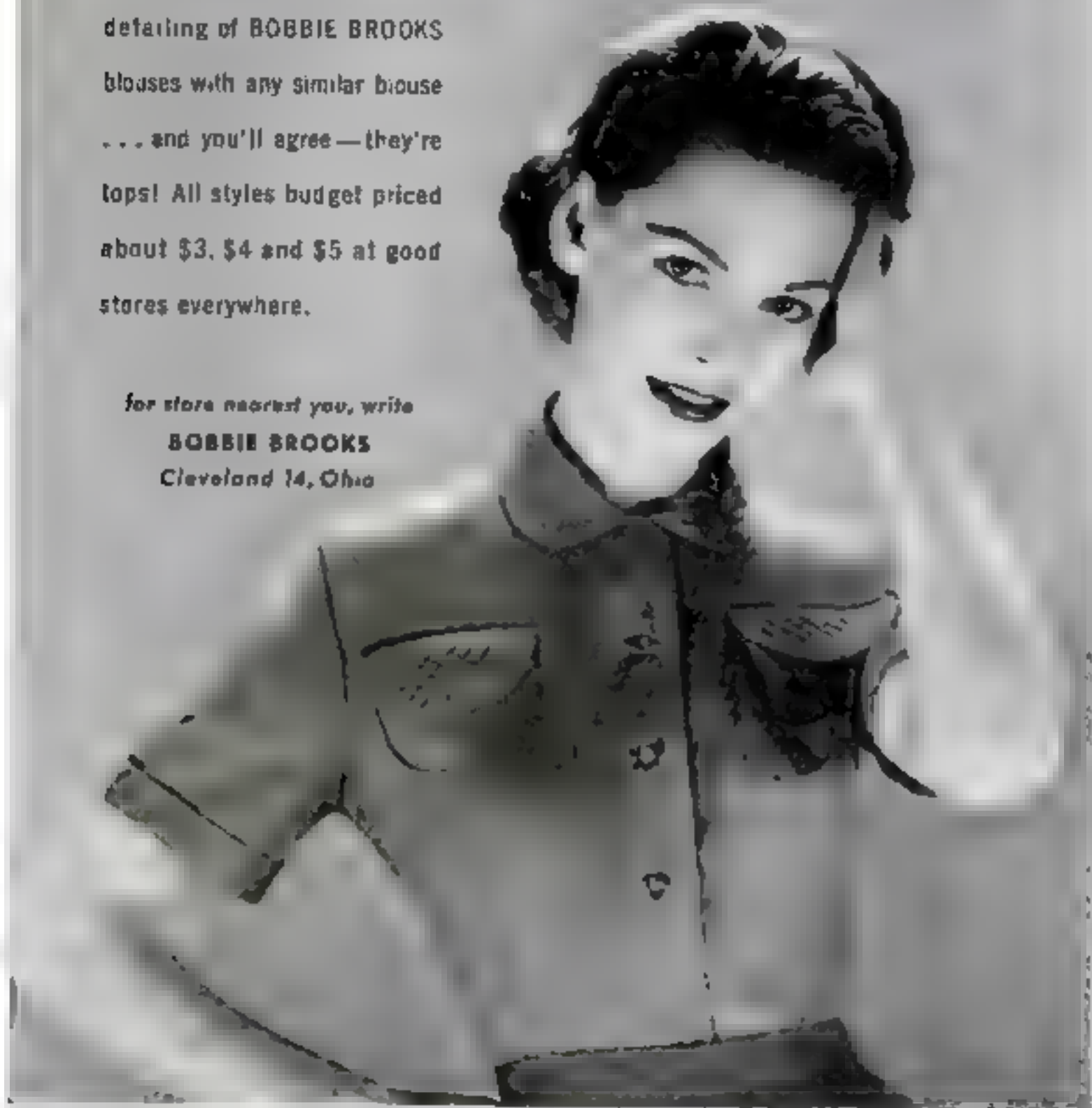
old Kenneth built the longest pair of Tom Walkers anyone thereabouts had ever seen.

The slab-wood stilts made the 4'10" youngster 10 feet tall and, after numerous abrasions, won him informal acknowledgment as the all-time champion of Cannon County. He might never match the French baker who walked on stilts from Paris to Moscow in 58 days in 1891, but his Tom Walkers had put him head and shoulders above the rest of the county.

Bobbie Brooks

COMPARE... the beauty... the detailing of BOBBIE BROOKS blouses with any similar blouse... and you'll agree—they're tops! All styles budget priced about \$3, \$4 and \$5 at good stores everywhere.

for store nearest you, write
BOBBIE BROOKS
Cleveland 14, Ohio



EVERY ONE—

A
Flavor Ace



"Made in America—
Best in the World"

Sweeten
**ACID
STOMACH**
With

PHILLIPS
MILK OF MAGNESIA
TABLETS
Mint Flavored



the world's most widely
used single-cylinder
gasoline engines

BRIGGS & STRATTON
4 CYCLE
GASOLINE
ENGINES

This trade-mark is
your guide to all that
is best in single-cylinder,
4-cycle, air cooled gasoline
engine performance.
BRIGGS & STRATTON CORPORATION
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

Stilts CONTINUED



KEN GETS A START
FROM CABIN PORCH



WITH BOLD STRIDE
HE CROSSES YARD



AND JUMPS DOWN
TO MAKE LANDING

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30



My boss asked me, "How can you sell a hair product without pretty pictures?" And I answered, "By telling these plain facts."

And, as an intelligent human being, I defy you to read this and not try these helpful suggestions.



MISS IMMIGRANT
OF 1852?
Wrong! Miss Glamour of 1932.
Readying for a Date!

The babushka covers a multitude of pins, rags, ribbons, newspapers, clamps, curlers, rubber bands, bobby pins, and what not. It's what's left of woman's "drowning glory" after she beats it, heats it, and treats it with everything from shellac to beer. No wonder her struggles end in straggles.



GRANDMA DID BETTER THAN
MERELY WASH HER HAIR...

Grandma didn't wash her hair because it was Friday. She washed it because it was dirty. Washing her hair was a super-job. She had more hair on her head than most people have in a sofa or rug. She kept it clean by brushing. A hundred strokes a day. Long ones, too. Her hair was often longer than arm's reach.

And right now we're advising you... brush your hair every day, too. Why try to kill your hair with kindness or neglect when you know no one ever ruined their hair by brushing it?



WHO WANTS A RADIANT,
GLEAMING HEAD OF SKIN?

500,000 bald women...
10,000,000 bald men!

I don't mean men and women just slightly bald. Or with hair that's merely thin. I mean men and women who show a fine, shining top of skin where a fine gleaming mop of hair should be. And what became of most of this "hair that isn't there"? A lot of it has been pulled out of combs and brushes—thrown in waste baskets to keep from clogging basins and drains.

WILL IT GROW HAIR? SMELL IT!

Seriously, alcohol never yet grew a hair. If alcohol could grow hair, most men I know would have fur-lined stom-



achs. So if you haven't got any hair, Sorry! We can't help you regrow hair. But we can mention millions of dollars people spend to mistreat their hair. And end by doing no good at all. We can help a lot of people now losing hair through neglect.



IF HAIR COULD FEEL PAIN
... YOU'D SCREAM

If dandruff were painful, few people would have hair troubles. They'd do something about it. If splitting ends, cracking, drying out, falling hair gave you the same punishing pain that your failing teeth can give you, you'd probably rush to a hair specialist oftener than you get up your courage to go to your dentist. What would hair cry out when you twist it, turn it, torture it, and burn it? But your hair has no feeling. It won't complain even when you kill it.

IS THERE AN OIL WHICH
ACTUALLY GROWS HAIR?

If olive oil can grow hair, why is it used in face powders—and soaps which we know won't grow hair? And look! Mechanics and station men work in mineral oil and standard oil day in and day out without a change in hair growth. Ladies and gentlemen, our hair is supplied nourishment by our bloodstream and our natural oil supply. That's animal organic oil. So we urge you to use an animal organic oil when you wish to condition your hair.

YOU ARE AN ANIMAL...

Yes. You and I... everyone. Not vegetables or minerals. And the hairs on our heads are animal organic matter... If you're average, you have 1/8 million of them. They're living, growing, natural things. And they won't like your way when you do things contrary to nature's way. Most men treat the precious hair of their heads the way they treat the palms of their hands... scrubbing and scouring with tough soap and water. And the palms of



our hands are one place where there is absolutely no hair. Not even fine ones.



ONLY ONE ANIMAL GROWS
HAIR LIKE YOU DO...

That's the sheep. His hair keeps growing. When sheep get a hair cut, we get our wool. And did you ever notice the resemblance of sheep's hair to some humans? Rain and water make that hair curl even tighter. The oil which conditions the sheep's hair is lanolin. The secret of good looking human hair is natural oil much like lanolin. So, millions are gaining all the benefits lanolin can give human hair by using famous Formula 9.



WHY IS LANOLIN SO
IMPORTANT IN SO MANY
"RESTORATIVE" PRODUCTS?

Why is lanolin so important in everything from polishing shoes to plastic surgery? Why is it in hand creams, beauty creams, burn lotions...? The answer is that lanolin is a great restorative. To hard cracked, dried, brittle "lifeless" old shoes, and leather goods lanolin restores "life" by restoring natural oils. Liveliness and loveliness come back as lanolin's natural lubrication restores pliability. And dry, brittle cracked-up hair and human skin become lovelier, livelier, softer, when... as we say... lanolin "puts life into it."

MEN!.....WOMEN!

3 Steps To Healthier Hair

1. Exercise your hair. Brush it. Pull it. Yank it. Rub it. Stretch it. You'll lengthen it and stimulate its growth, strength, and beauty.
2. Take a small amount of Formula 9 on your finger tips. Liquefy it by rubbing into palm. Rub hands together. Then massage directly into scalp, from back forward, from bottom to top.
3. Ladies! Rub the liquefied Formula 9 directly into the hair, and don't miss the ends. When your hair is all treated, put it up and set it in your favorite way. Before sleeping,

dampen each curl. Hair will dry by morning. Then brush it vigorously. Do this for 30 days and you'll be amazed at the results. Instead of looking dried, brittle, like it would break if you touch it... it looks lustrous, soft, rich in more colorful highlights... and is much easier to manage and arrange. And MEN! Notice how hair stays neatly groomed after daily treatment. All hair is helped in growing longer, stronger, more attractive and healthier-looking.



Ladies and Gentlemen!

Here's The Commercial

HERE'S WHAT I'M PROMISING
HERE'S WHAT I'M GIVING AWAY

In order to get you to purchase Formula 9 right away, we're cutting the price of the regular size (90 days' supply for two people) to \$2. And to make certain you don't use anything else on your hair while you try it, we give you... yes, give you! a \$1 bottle of our new lanolin shampoo. So use Formula 9, as directed, for 30 days. It must work... it must give you healthier-looking, more beautiful hair. If your hair doesn't seem to you improved in every way we've led you to expect... here's more than your money back. Keep the shampoo as a gift from Charles Antell. Return the Formula 9, or jar. We return your money without question. Our guarantee is unconditional. So go to your nearest drug, chain, or department store and get Formula 9 today.

During this introduction, you may purchase the large family size for only \$3 and receive as a gift double the regular size of shampoo.

P.S. Your progressive barber or beauty shop can give you professional hair care with genuine Charles Antell Formula 9 and Shampoo.



FORMULA 9
and SHAMPOO

Now... available at your favorite drug or toiletries counter.



Friction-Proofing with Wynn's Cuts Gasoline Bills 10%

ENGINE PARTS only *look* smooth. Micro-photos show they're covered with tiny rough spots like jagged little "sawteeth." These sawteeth snag against each other causing friction and wear. But Wynn's Friction Proofing Oil—added to motor oil every 1000 miles—smooths over the sawteeth with a tough, slick, "plating" that stops scraping wear and gas-wasting friction. As a result, Wynn's boosts gas mileage 10% or more, reduces repair bills, gives you a sweeter-running car. Try Wynn's now.



GET THE MOST FROM
95¢ pint
Except in Canada

AT SERVICE STATIONS, GARAGES,
NEW CAR DEALERS

WYNN OIL COMPANY—AZUSA, CALIFORNIA

Stilts CONTINUED



CROSSING A RIVER HE WALKS WARILY



A MISSTEP BRINGS A SPLASH LANDING



Happy shaving! Thousands of Letric Shave users are already getting faster, finer shaves. Try it yourself and see why they smile!

In Hot Weather get top-notch performance from your electric shaver

Prove it to yourself! Just apply cool, refreshing Letric Shave to your face—then plug in your razor and shave!

To get top-notch performance, prepare your face with this remarkable 3-way "setting-up" action of Letric Shave.

1. It dries off sticky perspiration that clogs and slows your shaver.
2. It lubricates the skin for faster, more comfortable shaving.
3. It softens your beard for closer, better-looking shaves.



FREE! Use Letric Shave with any make of shaver. We'll send you a generous sample bottle—enough for a full month of shaving—*absolutely free*. Send name and address to: The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. LL-2, Glastonbury, Connecticut.

start your
vacation
with

Tek



2 for 57¢

each in plastic
travel case →

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

You know it's good!



The Armour Star label is one of the world's great guarantees!



Individual sandwich loaves — topped with Treet!

Here are party refreshments attractive enough to please any woman—substantial enough to please any man! That's because the meat is Treet—two layers of it!—the delicious blend of tender Armour pork and sugar-cured ham.

To make each Treet Sandwich Loaf, spread a half slice of whole wheat bread with deviled cream cheese filling. Top with thin slice of Treet, then a half slice of white bread spread with filling, then another slice of Treet. Decorate top with cream cheese softened with a little prepared mustard. You can make

enough filling for 8 sandwiches by softening 3 packages of cream cheese (Cloverbloom® is particularly good!) and adding 1 tbsp prepared mustard and 3 tbsps. chopped olives.

It's another of Marie Gifford's favorite recipes! For many other new meal-planning ideas and different recipes write for the new booklet Meal Magic with Armour Star Pastry Shelf Meats. Address the famous home economist, Marie Gifford, Armour and Company, Dept 519, Chicago 9, Illinois.



ARMOUR 85th ANNIVERSARY



His flavor was early American

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was born with something stirring inside of him—something for which there was no standard name.

It showed up strong when Ben was ten, and was expected to go, like a dutiful son, into his father's candle business. But after two years of it, Ben decided he didn't like making candles, and he did an unthinkable thing. He quit. What's the name for that? What do you call a fellow who won't fall tamely into a pattern other people have prepared for him?

Ben tried printing, and he liked that. He tried writing articles for his brother's newspaper, putting his notions down in words, and he liked that better. But when he found he had nothing more to learn on the job, he took off for greener fields, determined to strike out for himself. What's the name for that? What do you call a man who keeps entering new races to find out how fast he can run?

Ben was the kind who'd be sitting near the fireplace and suddenly say to himself: "Wouldn't it be better if we could get the fire out *into* the room?" Then he'd go ahead and invent a stove.

Or, while taking off his regular glasses to put on his reading glasses, he'd think: "Wouldn't it be better if both glasses were in one frame?" Then he'd go ahead and invent bifocals.

Or he'd see a grocer climbing up a ladder to get a package on the top shelf. "Wouldn't it be better," said Ben,

"if you had a thing on a long pole to reach up with?" And then he'd invent one. What do you call that? What's the name for a man who's always asking, "Wouldn't it be better if . . ."—and then goes ahead and does it?

Ben did a thousand things, and did them all well. But it wasn't until years after he was born that we found a word to describe him. The people of the Colonies, with help from Ben, decided to stand up tall and go it on their own. Then we knew the name for men like Ben. The name was "American."

America had to be invented to make room for people like Benjamin Franklin—stand-up-for-themselves people, find-a-better-way people, people with a non-stop motor buzzing inside of them. And where is Ben today?

Go out and watch a new building going up anywhere in America, growing from earth to sky almost before your eyes. Go to a laboratory where a man works late, fighting on behalf of all men against a germ he can't see. Go to the great factories, where cars and toasters and thermostats and deep-freezers bloom in such profusion that nearly everybody can live like the rich. Can anyone doubt there's a lot of Ben around the place still?

John Hancock

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



ANXIOUS MOTHER worries lest Ken fall on rocks in yard. She is only one in family who doesn't walk on stilts.

AGILE FATHER, Ervin Merriman, teeters on short stilts to show family he can still Tom Walk at age of 61.



CAREFREE KEN swings on a high tree limb after kicking away Tom Walkers. He also uses stilts to find birds' nests.



RAIN or SHINE,

Only **ANSCO**

Guarantees Perfect Snapshots!

Yes, you call them *perfect* or you get a *new roll free!* Indoors or out . . . in *any* weather . . . in *any* camera . . . *any* time! Don't trust to luck with ordinary film. Now, get clear, sparkling snapshots every time . . .

at no extra cost! Ansco All-Weather Film gives the results you want, or return the negatives with the guarantee bond for a new roll free. Remember, only Ansco makes this guarantee! At dealers—everywhere!



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You **SAVE 15¢**
with the
3-ROLL ECONOMY PAK!
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Something we ladies appreciate!



Another **TEXACO DEALER** *service...*

appreciated by motoring families.

You'll find Texaco Registered Rest Rooms
wherever you drive in all 48 States.



Faithfully yours
50
for Fifty Years

THE TEXAS COMPANY

FIRST HEARING of orchestrated work came for Composer Parks at a rehearsal, in Venice. Here he listens intently as Dean Dixon conducts orchestra.

CAMERAMAN TURNS COMPOSER



LIFE's Gordon Parks is cheered in Venice

An audience yawning politely through a program of modern British and American music in Venice this month came to enthusiastic life when Conductor Dean Dixon launched the orchestra on his third selection. Called *Symphonic Set for Piano and Orchestra*, it was the work not of a professional musician but of a photographer, Gordon Parks, a member of LIFE's staff, whose previous experience in the field consisted of playing the piano in Midwestern honky-tonks in the 1930s. Excited by the flamenco music he heard while on assignment in Spain, Parks worked out on the piano four vigorous movements suggested by the story of a bullfighter's tragic love. Then he had it orchestrated by a friend. Its premiere in Venice brought prolonged applause from a critical audience in what the conductor called "one of the most memorable evenings of my career."

FORMAL PREMIERE of work was under floodlights in courtyard of 500-year-old palace of Doges.

AFTER SHAVING



Cool on the face!

Coollest finishing touch to every summer shave . . . Mennen Talcum for Men! Neutral tint won't show on your face, but it helps cover nicks and blemishes, and *dims face shine!*

AFTER BATHING



Cool all over!

After bath, shower, or swim, dust the body with Mennen Talc. Helps keep you dry, comfortable, chafe-free, and *cool!* Finest imported Italian talc, micropulverized for fineness.

*Dims face shine
Eases body chafe*



Largest-selling men's talc in America



CRITICAL COMPOSER listens to a tape recording made at a rehearsal in a Venice hotel room along with Mrs. Dixon and her husband, the conductor.



PROUD COMPOSER bows with Mrs. Dixon, piano soloist. Critics liked one other number, Gershwin's *An American in Paris*.



COMPOSER'S METHOD of musical shorthand is shown above. Having had no formal training, Parks cannot write music. To help him remember themes he makes up, he draws keyboard and marks notes in sequence (1 for first note, 2 for second note, etc.). He has no method of showing rhythm, keeps it in his head. Sketch shows Parks's first 16 notes and how they finally look, as played by French horns and cellos, in orchestration by Henry Brant.

feel
the
difference

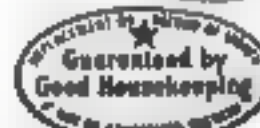
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SPRINGBAK
shorts

made of famed Quadriga® Cloth

You'll feel better, work better because you're more comfortable wearing America's favorite shorts. Elastic inset waist and extra long waist rise add to your comfort, end strain and bind. White, colors. About \$1.00.



ELY & WALKER • SAINT LOUIS 3
Ask for E & W Men's Wear
at better shops everywhere

DISSOLVES CORNS...

Special Ingredient Works Quick—No Pain!
In 35 countries with over 135 million people, Gets-It is a favorite! Try this fast, medicated, liquid corn remover yourself and "whistle as you walk." 35c. **GETS-IT**

**RELIEVES PAIN OF
HEADACHE • NEURALGIA
NEURITIS**

FAST

The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend



Anacin® relieves headache, neuralgia, neuritis pain fast because Anacin is like a doctor's prescription—that is, Anacin contains not just one, but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Thousands have been introduced to Anacin through their own dentist or physicians. If you have never used Anacin, try these tablets yourself for incredibly fast, long-lasting relief from pain. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

NAUSEA caused by sudden changes when flying, relieved with
...Helps to control organs of balance.
Quiets the nerves.
THE WORLD OVER





Do you want to pay for

A Government Honeymoon at Niagara Falls?

You may be taxed for the cost of the most expensive honeymoon Niagara Falls has ever seen. The federal government's wooing of America's electric light and power threatens to reach a climax at the famous Falls.

Here's how. . . . A giant new hydroelectric power plant is going to be built on the Niagara River. And a critical point in the drive toward a government power monopoly is being argued over who will build it — the federal government or a group of 5 electric companies. (There is also a proposal to have the State of New York build the plant and sell the power.)

These electric light and power companies are ready with the plans and the money — and the lines to take the power where it will be needed — under normal public regulation.

But the job is held up — for there are people who want the federal government to take over electricity — as well as medicine and other businesses and services. They say the federal government should build the plant — even if it takes more time, and costs the U. S. public many millions in unnecessary taxes. Here's how the choice shapes up . . .

If electric companies build the plant

- The companies and their investors will pay for it.
- Power produced will be shared by all, with rates regulated by state utility commissions.
- It will pay about \$23 million a year in local, state and federal taxes.
- Defense plants and others will begin to get the power in about 3 years.

If the federal government builds the plant

- You will pay for it in taxes — over \$350,000,000.
- Specially favored groups will have first call on all power. Rates *won't* be regulated by the states.
- Little, if any, taxes will be paid to local, state or federal governments from the sale of power.
- Government estimators say it will take them at least 5 years.

NOTE: In no case would the scenic beauty of the Falls be affected. Nor has this project any connection with the controversial St. Lawrence Seaway.

Who do you think should build this new plant? Talk it over with your friends and neighbors. The decision ought to be made by the American people. . . . The government plan is a long step toward socialized electricity — because only power production is involved — with no other purposes, such as flood control, to complicate the issue. That's why these facts are brought to you by America's **ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES.***

*Names on request from this magazine





IN BOMB BAY, PILOT SCOTTY CROSSFIELD SETTLES HIMSELF IN SKYROCKET BEFORE FLIGHT, PULLS DOWN CANOPY OF AIR-TIGHT, PRESSURIZED COCKPIT

WIND, SPACE AND SPEED

laboratory studies tricks of high altitude planes that fly faster than bullets

GRAPHED FOR LIFE BY LOOMIS DEAN

In an air of matter-of-factness, a bullet-shaped Douglas Skyrocket drops from the bomb bay of a B-29 and shoots up almost vertically into the lonely stratosphere (opposite page), as the mountains melt away and the thin air turns to ice. No other plane in the world has ever taken on this shape and the thin air turns to ice. No other plane in the world has ever taken on this shape and the thin air turns to ice. No other plane in the world has ever taken on this shape and the thin air turns to ice.

...over, the plane glides to a landing on the dry bed of an ancient lake, joining other planes, some huge, some tiny, some obsolete and some whose design looks ahead to the next decade. These are the guinea pigs of the U.S. Air Force Research and Development Command, which is working the bugs out of hot new planes, and the National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics, a government research agency. Working with each other and the Navy at Rogers Dry Lake, Calif., commonly known as Muroc, NACA and ARDC have turned the air over the desert into a vast and secret laboratory for their gimmicks and rockets and jets (following pages). By now their pilots are so familiar with fantastic speeds that they have started a new category of flying time—supersonic hours.

DROPPING FROM BOMB BAY, a thin trail of vapor streaming from its rocket engine, a Skyrocket, or D-558 II, is launched by B-29 at altitude of 30,000 feet.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





BESIDE THE DRY LAKE rises a huge stand built to test rocket engines for planes and guided missiles still years away. It can handle motors capable of pro-

pellling man to the moon. Roaring over is a B-47 on a flight test. The airfield section of Muroc dry lake, 11 miles long and four miles wide, is in background.



THE SKYROCKET LEAVES A VAPOR CONDENSATION TRAIL ACROSS THE CLOUDLESS SKY. THE FIRST PART OF THE TRAIL (LEFT) IS ALREADY BEING BROKEN UP BY AIR CURRENTS.



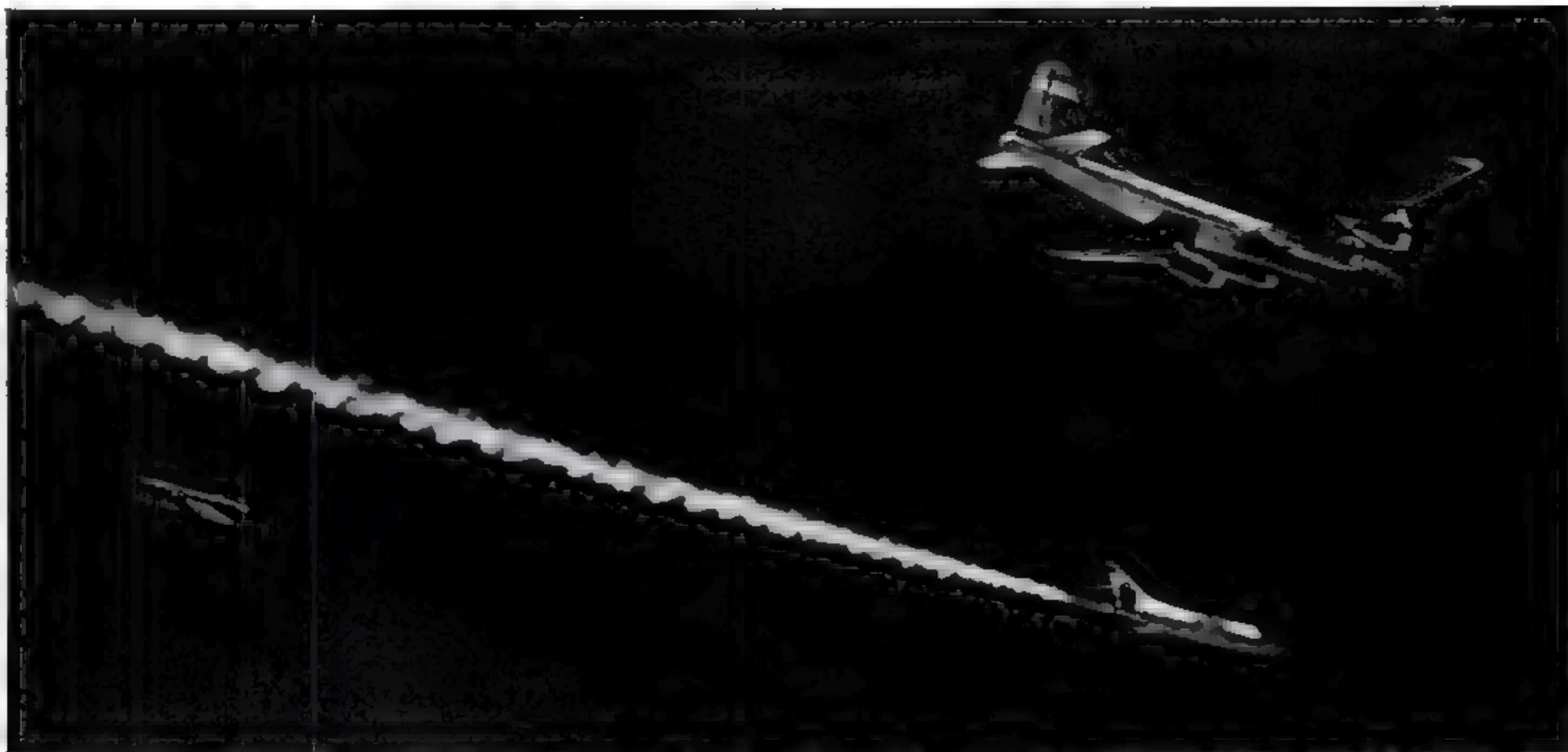
SHOWER is taken by crewman after filling Skyrocket with corrosive peroxide which runs fuel pumps.



LIQUID OXYGEN at -278°C . enters through frost covered hose. This and alcohol run rocket engine.

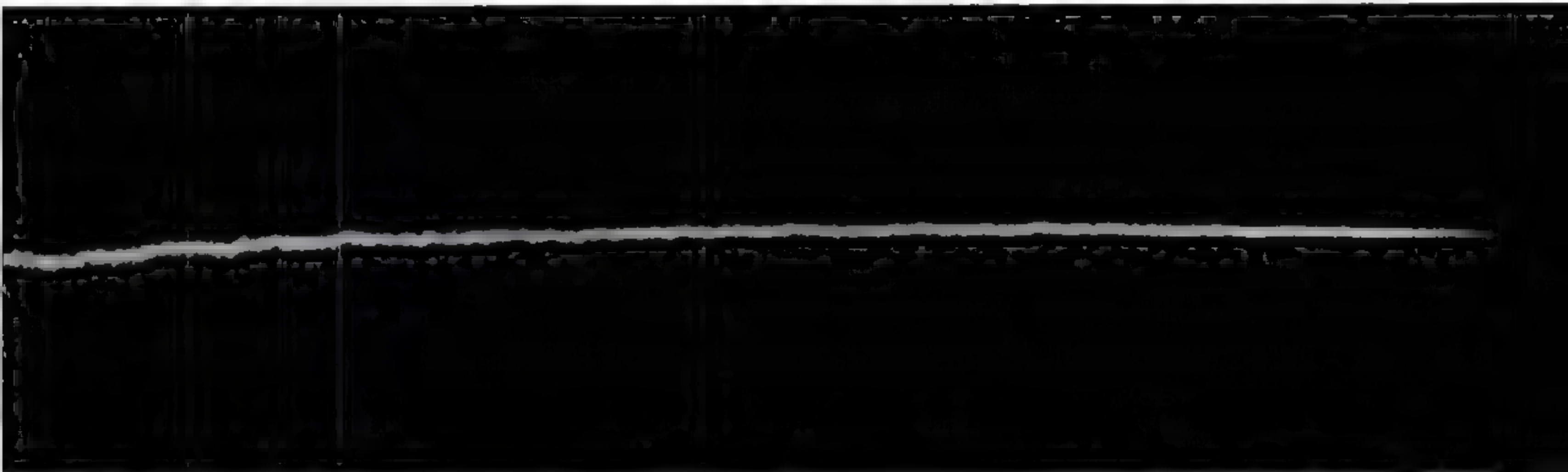


VAPORIZING OXYGEN spurts out as tanks fill. Fueling crews wear protective suits against burns.



HIGH ABOVE THE LAKE BED the Skyrocket has just been dropped from the belly of its mother, a B-29, and pilot is running liquid oxygen through rocket

engine before starting it. Following behind is an F-86 chase plane which tries to stay close enough to warn Skyrocket in case of fire or any other damage to plane.



THE PLANE ITSELF (FAR RIGHT) IS AT 40,000 FEET AND HEADING UP, FLYING SO HIGH THAT ITS ROAR CANNOT BE HEARD FROM THE GROUND, WHERE THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN

FLIGHT TO THE FUTURE

The Skyrocket is considerably more than a device for breaking speed records. Carrying over 200 instruments which study the unpredictable problems of stability and control at speeds no other plane can achieve, it is actually a flying laboratory which brings supersonic research into a field ordinary production planes may not reach for five or 10 years. Its flights, which last only six minutes, are painstakingly planned in advance to study the plane's performance during specific maneuvers and speeds.

In the air a movie camera records the changes on a complex instrument panel the pilot never sees. The stubby wings and 45-foot-long fuselage house other recording machines, one of which makes a separate record of the air pressure on 60 distinct parts of the airplane every tenth of a second. At the same time the pilot takes notes during flight by talking to the ground on his radio. This monolog is recorded, and when the pilot writes his report he plays it back so that no particle of scientific information is overlooked. Much of the data gathered by the Skyrocket is incredibly technical and almost all of it is secret.

In spite of its excessive speed and its often violent maneuvers, pilots like the Skyrocket. Douglas' Test Pilot William Bridgeman describes its passage through the turbulence of the sonic wall at almost 700 mph: "She came over the fence pretty hot, but went on light as a feather."

AFTER FLIGHT Skyrocket is met by ambulance, fire truck and carloads of engineers. Its fuel gone, the plane always lands "dead stick."



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



BAT WING XF4D is one of several radically designed Navy planes now using Air Force facilities.

BATS BY DAY, DOGS AT DUSK

There are relatively few planes at Muroc but hardly two of them are alike. On the ground, overloaded bombers lumber for miles across the lake during tests to see how much load they can lift. Forty thousand feet above the desert, sleek fighters run speed tests on a precise, electronically controlled speed course. At night pilots take up the new planes and fire their rockets just to see how long the flash will blind them. Even accidents add to the sum of knowledge, for movie cameras are trained on the early flights of the new planes and the Air Force has a brief but grisly photographic record of how things have gone wrong.

But most of the work at Muroc, properly known as Edwards Air Force Base, boils down to the simple business of testing models which are being readied for production. This is the job of the Air Force Research and Development Command. Sometimes tests result in major decisions not to order certain planes because of unsatisfactory early performance. In other cases the Air Force conducts competitions between planes to decide which one to order. Often a new model is tagged with a never-ending series of unsatisfactory reports which get quickly back to manufacturers who can correct faults before the planes come off the assembly lines. There were over 1,000 separate unsatisfactory reports on the intricate F-86D (opposite page), which carries half a ton of electronic equipment to guide it to its target, make a sure identification, fire rockets at the proper instant and guide the plane back to its base—all automatically. But now, checked over from nose to tail, the F-86D has Air Force approval and is listed as ready for tactical units.



WIRE GRID is used to obtain take-off data on this B-36. Sequence pictures taken through this grid

tell exactly how much distance an airplane uses to get off the ground as well as how quickly it climbs.



SUPERSONIC SLED roars down track in a cloud of rocket exhaust (above). Capable of 850 mph speeds,

the sled is used to test control surfaces and parachutes. Sled is braked when scoop hits water (below).





TWO "DOGS"—Air Force nickname for its F-86D (D for dog) interceptors—run up their jet engines, their afterburners glowing in the dusk. Shortly the

planes will go up on a night mission, and their radar equipment will try to locate a target plane which is flying somewhere, high in the darkness over the desert.



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the convenience you're missing! See the new

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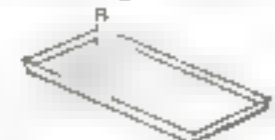
The only refrigerator
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**COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC
"CARE-FREE" DEFROSTING***
and Crosley Worksaver Design!

Talk about convenience—just feast your eyes on this work-saving beauty! Compare this big full-width freezer! It actually holds 77 pounds of frozen foods and ice cubes. Compare the shelf space! Why, those wonderfully convenient shelves in the door give you twice as much "front-row" space. And compare automatic defrosting! For Crosley alone gives you *completely* automatic "Care Free" Defrosting. You're through with the mess and bother of defrosting forever! But don't take our word for it. We honestly believe that once you see and price the new 1952 Crosley Shelvadors, you'll never be satisfied with any other refrigerator on earth! (Model T-CAD-12 illustrated) Crosley Division, Avco Manufacturing Corporation, Cincinnati 25, Ohio.

Don't wait until your old refrigerator breaks down! Trade it in today on a brand-new 1952 Shelvador. 13 models to choose from—priced as low as \$199.95

***Here's how the most convenient, completely automatic defrosting system ever developed works for you!**

Once every 24 hours at 3 A. M.  when you're not using your refrigerator, a reliable, automatic clock  built into your Crosley turns off the refrigerating mechanism and turns on high-speed defrosting units.  These units "hit" freezing plates and baffle with fast heat—melting frost—but only the frost.  This patented Crosley system removes frost from all collecting surfaces. Defrost water  automatically drains to a pan over the compressor where it quickly evaporates.  Defrost water never refreezes.

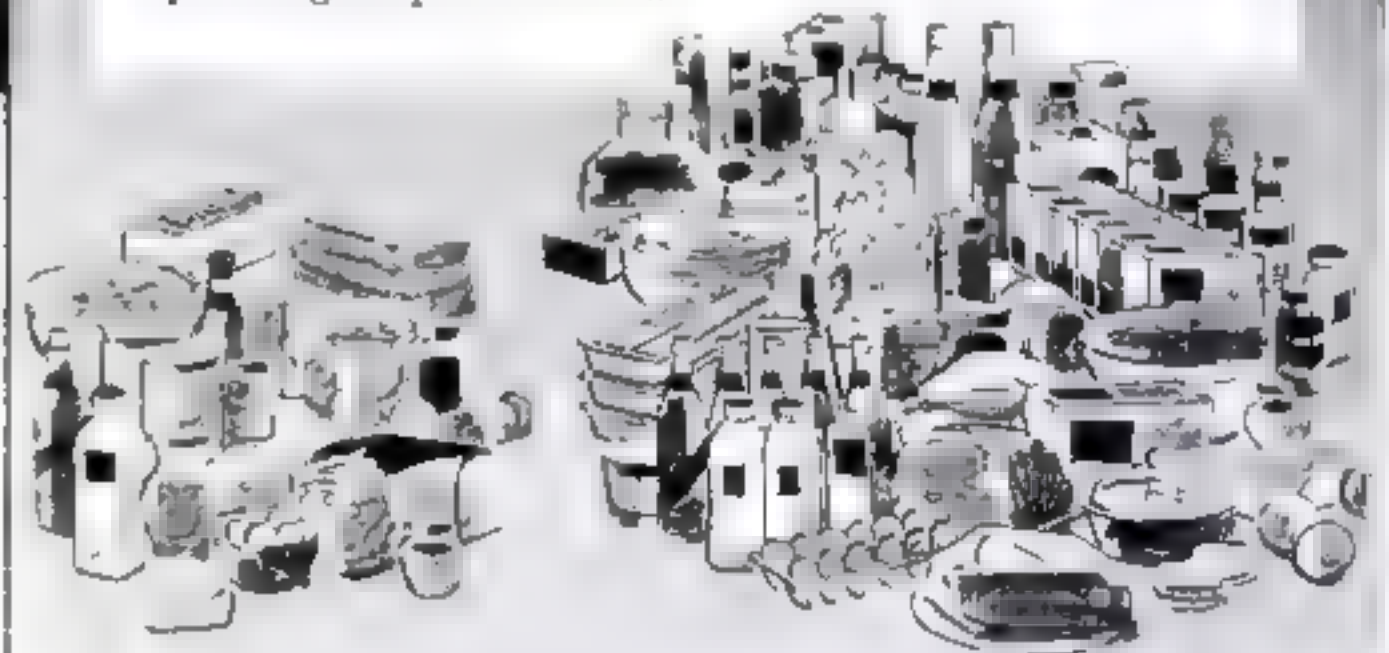
 There's nothing to turn on or off, no pan or jar to empty. Messy defrosting is ended for you forever!

Specifications subject to change without notice. *Shelvador is a registered trademark of the Crosley Division, Avco Manufacturing Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio.

TWICE AS MUCH "FRONT-ROW" SPACE!

On the left below you see the amount of food that goes "up front" in a typical five-year-old refrigerator. On the right is the amount you'll have at your finger tips in the new

Crosley with its completely recessed shelves in the big thick door. Yes, Crosley actually gives you twice as much "front-row" space!



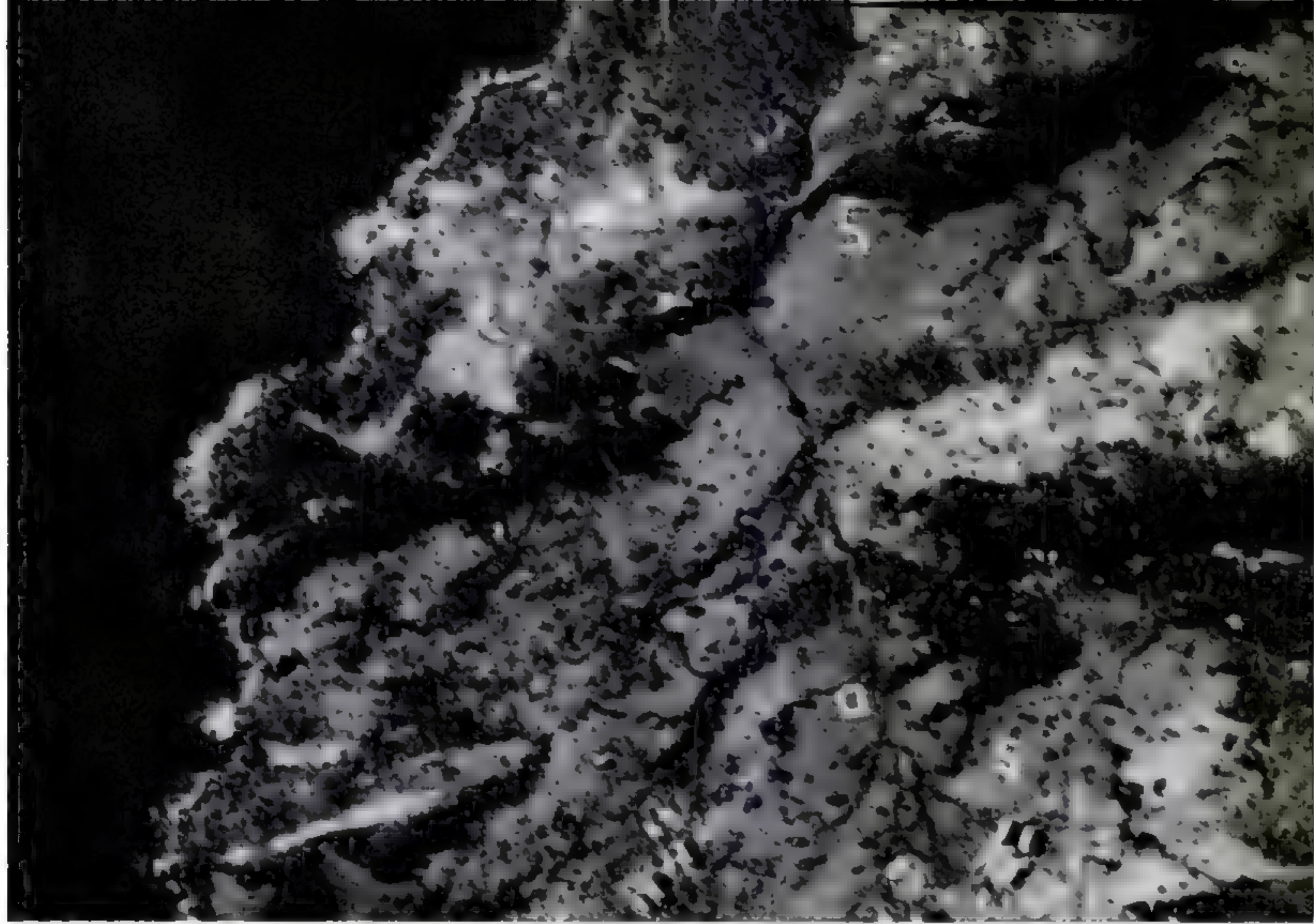
NOT JUST THIS MUCH

... BUT ALL THIS FOOD—

IN FRONT, IN SIGHT, IN REACH!



BETTER PRODUCTS FOR HAPPIER LIVING



A LOP-SIDED SOS WHICH SCHINZ LABORIOUSLY SPELLED OUT WITH BITS OF COTTON ON BARREN KOREAN ISLAND WAS PHOTOGRAPHED BY AIR FORCE PLANE

Robinson Crusoe of Schinz-do

LONE AIRMAN SURVIVES 37 HUNGRY DAYS ON A NORTH KOREAN ISLAND

by CLAY BLAIR JR.

THREE months ago an Air Force colonel named Albert W. Schinz was shot down behind the enemy line in North Korea. For 37 days he survived only because he had the stamina, ingenuity and luck of a Robinson Crusoe in the atomic age. Here is the full story of his harrowing adventure on a barren island, which the Air Force has now allowed him to tell to LIFE.

Colonel Schinz was in an F-86 Sabre jet over MIG Alley on May 1 when a 37-mm shell whammed into his plane's tail. A red warning light flashed on the instrument panel to tell him that the tail was on fire. Sweating and swearing in the cockpit, Schinz fought the controls and found that he could maneuver left and right but not up and down. Using an old World War II trick, he poured on the power; the plane climbed out of its dive, went up until it stalled, then dived again. Alternately diving and soaring like a huge porpoise, he managed to aim the plane out to sea, away from the Communist-held mainland. Within a few minutes the bucking, flaming jet was completely out of control. Schinz was roaring along at about 1,500 feet when he spotted a group of islands below him. One of them, shaped like a "U," looked like a good one to jump for. He pulled a handle.

The ejector shot Schinz, strapped tightly in his seat, from the plane like a cork from a popgun. Flipping head over heels, he opened the parachute, then unbuckled himself from his seat. Down he drifted, swinging back and forth under his chute. Off in the distance his plane spun into the sea and exploded in a cloud of flame and foam.

Schinz missed his island by only 100 feet. As soon as he hit the icy water he pulled the cord on his Mae West preserver; it inflated immediately with a hiss. His parachute billowed out across the water in front of him. Schinz tried to use it as a spinnaker to sail himself toward the island, but the parachute collapsed and sank into the water. Its shrouds tangled around his feet and the weight of the chute pulled him under water. He fought his way up for a gasping breath, then went under again. Finally he disentangled himself and pulled the cord on the rubber raft which was attached to the chute harness. It inflated as it was supposed to. He tried to climb aboard. It slid out of his grasp like a greased banana and bobbed away across the water. Splashing after it, Schinz managed to catch it. Another struggle ensued, but finally he was able to scramble aboard it backward.

The rescue equipment he had with him included



COLONEL SCHINZ, 33, who joined the Air Force in 1940, was deputy wing commander when he was shot down.

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CHAMPION COWBOY
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LEE Rider
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and Jackets are
best for looks,
fit, comfort
and wear."

None Genuine Without This
Hot-Iron Branded Leather Label

Lee

**IN EVERY JOB
MEN PREFER
LEE!**

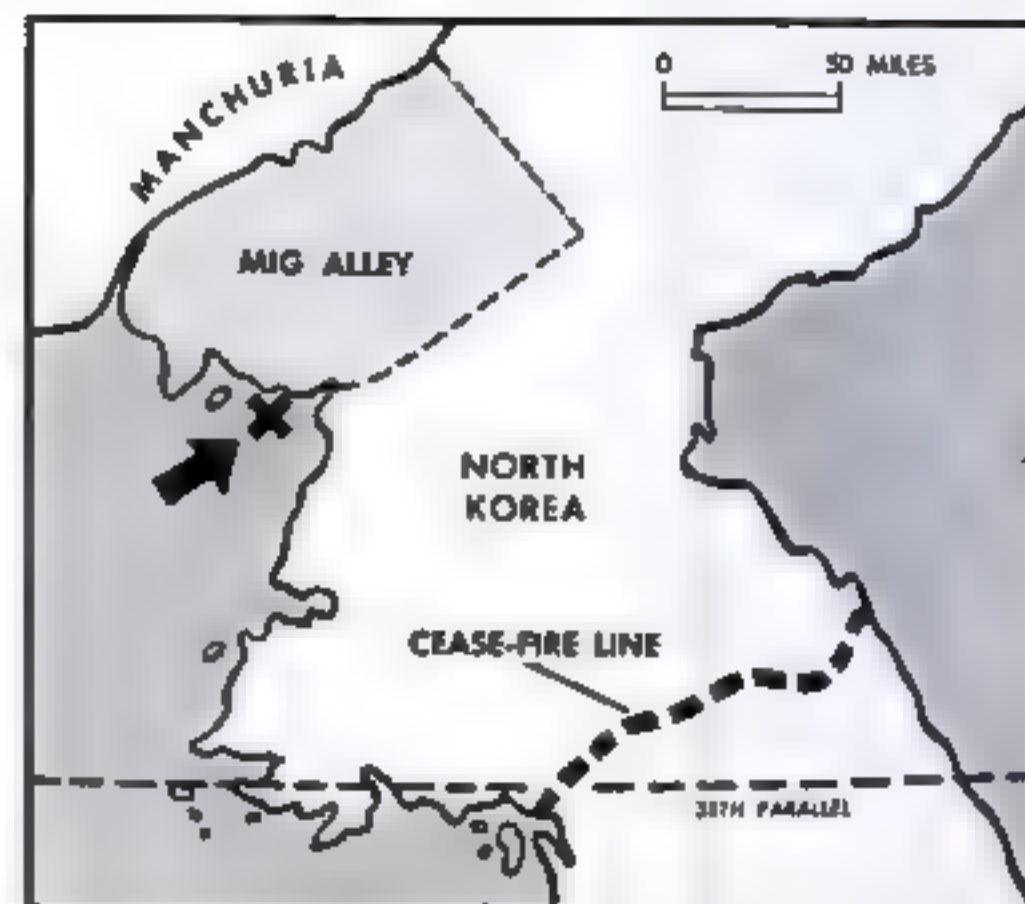
In a national survey
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among men in all
types of jobs, Lee
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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF UNION-MADE WORK CLOTHES



LOCATION OF SCHINZ-DO is indicated here. It is one of a group of islands but exactly which is kept a secret. Schinz estimated that it had been deserted for six months.

SCHINZ-DO CONTINUED

a two-way radio, a survival kit for use on the raft, two night-signal flares and the Mae West life preserver. He had also been provided with an emergency kit containing the things he might need most on land, but he had not had it fastened to his parachute harness and it had sailed away when the chute opened. But Schinz did not have room for the chute on the raft. So he let it trail out under the water; it was brightly colored orange and white, and he would want to use it as a distress signal.

As Schinz wedged himself and his gear in the raft, he made a horrifying discovery: the paddles that should be provided with the life raft were not there.

Flailing his arms, he tried to propel the raft to the island. It was a losing battle. A strong tide was carrying him out to sea, and the parachute, dragging underneath the raft, helped the current tug at him. An hour of this was enough to exhaust him. He collapsed in the bottom of the raft.

The sound of breakers woke him. It was dark, and his illuminated watch dial told him he had been asleep seven hours. Now the tide was flooding and he was drifting slowly up to a rocky beach. He could not tell how soon the tide would ebb again and when the current, pulling at the parachute dragging below him, would wash him out toward the open sea once more. So he cut the parachute loose but kept his two-way radio.

As he used his aching arms again in place of the missing paddles, he heard the sound of a plane. It winged in low, right over him. He grabbed one of his flares and ripped off the top. It fizzled and went out, as the plane flew straight on over the horizon.

It took five more hours of arm flailing before Schinz and his rubber raft bumped on the rocky beach of the island. At first his legs were so stiff from the hours of cold exposure in the cramped raft that he could not stand up. But he finally managed to stagger ashore, dragging his raft and radio with him. Wedging them between some rocks, he flopped on the ground and dozed.

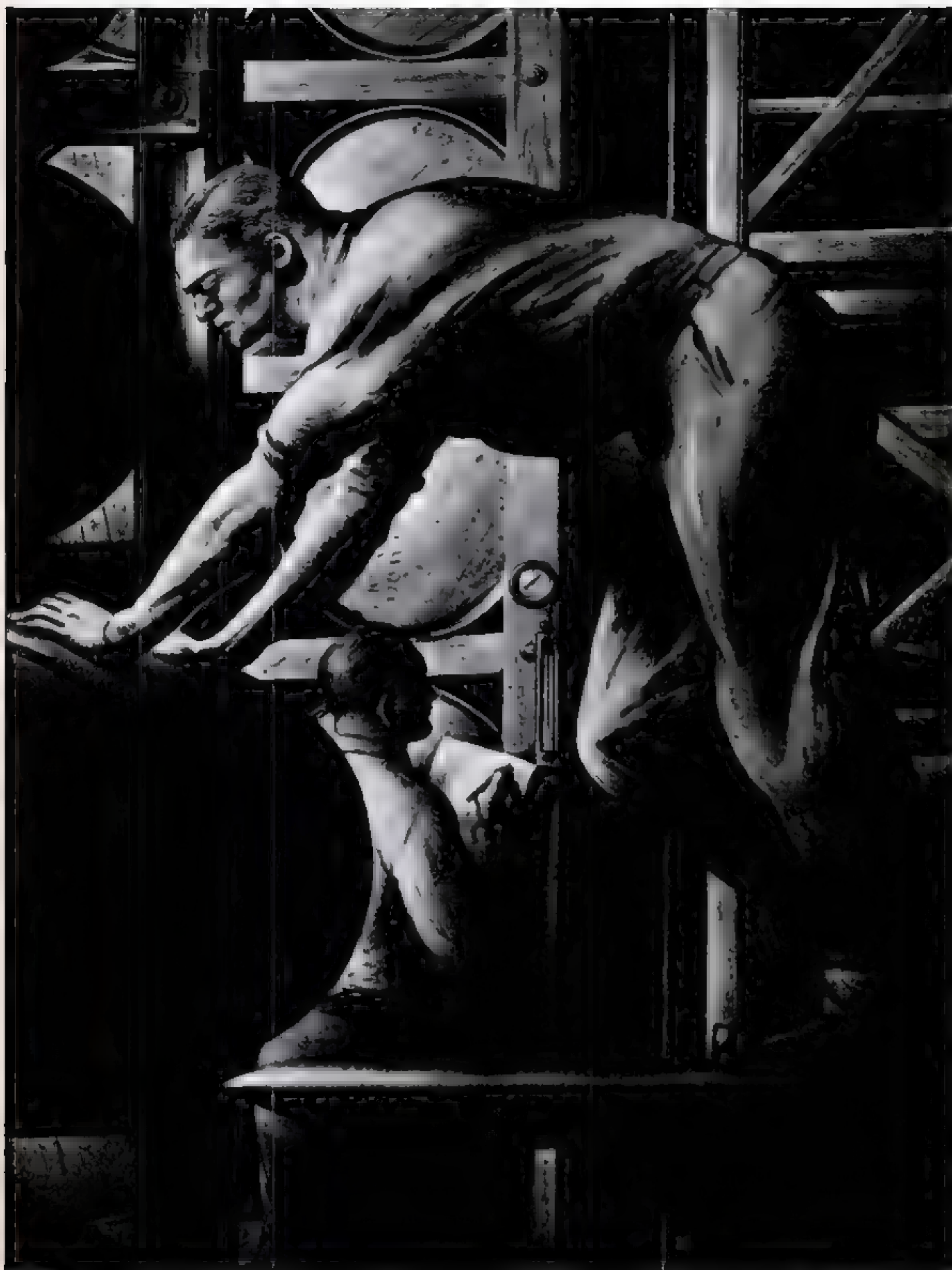
How long?

THE sun woke him from his damp, cramped sleep. Below him the Yellow Sea beat on the shore, slapping spray over the boulders and whooshing in and out of the rock caves. Above him rose the black heights of a cliff. He decided to leave the raft there, climb the cliff and find a clearing where he could signal with his radio, then wait calmly for a rescue "chopper" (helicopter) to come right over and get him. Scrambling to the top, he pushed through the scrub and rock to the first big clearing he could find. There he sat down and plugged the battery into his two-way radio. It didn't work.

In utter dismay, Schinz tinkered with the wires and tubes, but he had no idea of what to do to fix the radio. He began to worry for the first time. Now he had neither a parachute to use as a distress signal nor a radio to call for the chopper. The fullness of his dilemma dawned on him. How long would he be here? Were there Communists on the island? Was it inhabited at all? Was there, on this barren spot, enough food and water to sustain life?

Schinz began to shake, then realized that he was shivering because his clothes were still damp. He gathered some sticks for a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99



The place where summer never ends

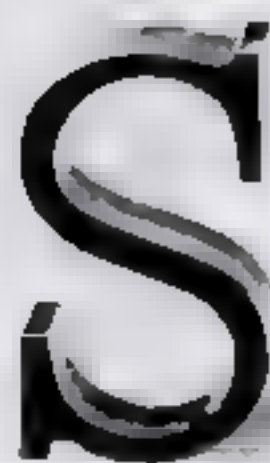
The slow, steady aging of fine whiskey calls for a summery temperature twelve months of the year. Only in a man-made climate could this ideal weather exist all year round. That's why summer never ends in Schenley's many warehouses. Schenley helps Nature, creates and maintains its own warm, wonderful warehouse weather. Even when snow covers the ground, inside it's balmy, with pleasantly moist air and soft breezes.

Year after year in this perfectly controlled climate, whiskeys mature in sturdy oak barrels which Schenley makes itself. Each barrel is watched over and checked all during the long aging.

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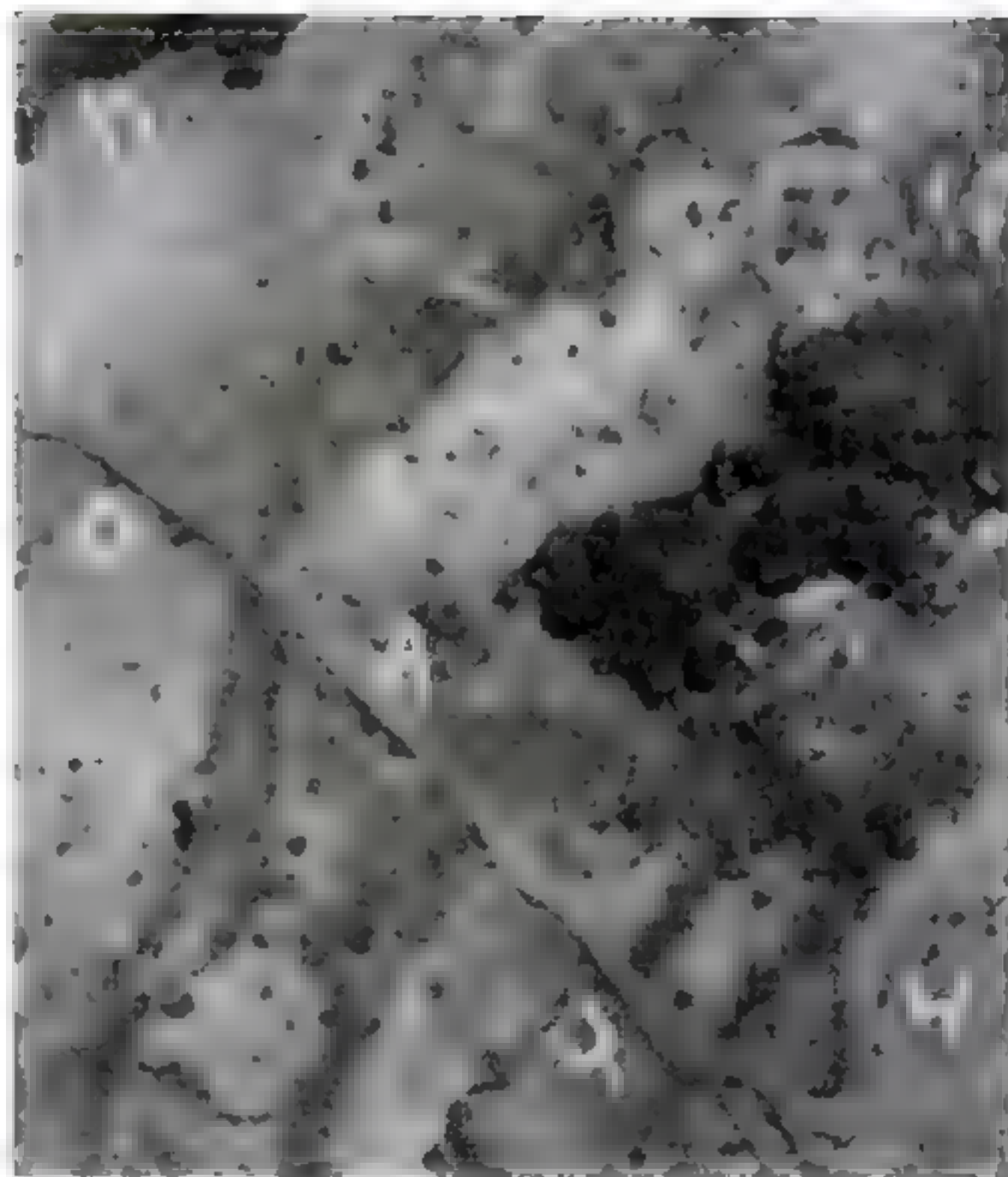
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SEE YOUR GENERAL TIRE DEALER



"MAY DAY," airmen's international distress call, was spelled out by Schinz after SOS (p. 95) had failed. This Air Force photograph spurred rescue efforts.

SCHINZ-DO CONTINUED

fire. His cigaret lighter still worked, and he soon had a good blaze going. He took off his clothes and hung them by the fire to dry. Then he sat down and waited for the search planes he was sure would be coming over soon.

None came. By noon his clothes were dry, so he put them on and started a cautious exploration of his end of the island. He found an old, almost overgrown path, and followed it up and down the rocky terrain, pushing his way through dense willow scrubs. He climbed over the brow of a hill, then dropped flat on the ground. He lay there, scarcely daring to breathe.

Ahead, in a small clearing, were four thatch-roofed huts. Schinz waited for a sign of life, friend or foe, but there was none. No smoke rose from the roofs. There was not a sound except that of a few birds in the scrub back of him. Schinz circled the huts warily, but still found no sign of life. He walked into the village.

The huts were abandoned and littered with filth. He scrounged around and found an empty, rusty tin can and some loose kernels of corn. He also found a few spring onions growing near a small stream. Meticulously scouring the can with sand, he built another fire and prepared lunch. The corn was bitter and hard and, the onions were tasteless, but it was his first meal in 24 hours, and it revived his spirits. They were low again by evening, though. He had laid out an SOS signal with stones, but not a plane had come near the island. So he cleaned out a lean-to, lay down and got some sleep.

By morning of his second day on the island, after a breakfast of more bitter corn, Schinz went exploring again. In one of the huts he came upon a pile of raw cotton. Perfect for a big white SOS signal, he thought. Patiently he spent the rest of the day carrying the cotton up a hill to a clearing, where he wadded it into balls and fashioned the SOS of cotton letters three feet wide. Although it was a back-breaking job, he comforted himself with the thought: "The chopper will see that with no strain." But no chopper appeared.

Again he ate a handful of boiled corn and onions.

In the middle of the night Schinz jumped awake as a B-26 roared low over the island. Racing out of the lean-to, he fired his second flare. Three bright red balls of fire soared into the sky. The plane gave no sign and droned steadily off into the darkness.

Schinz now resigned himself to the fact that he might be on the island a long time. He started a diary, and plaintively wrote in it, "Why no chopper?"

He painstakingly made a bigger SOS sign out of more raw

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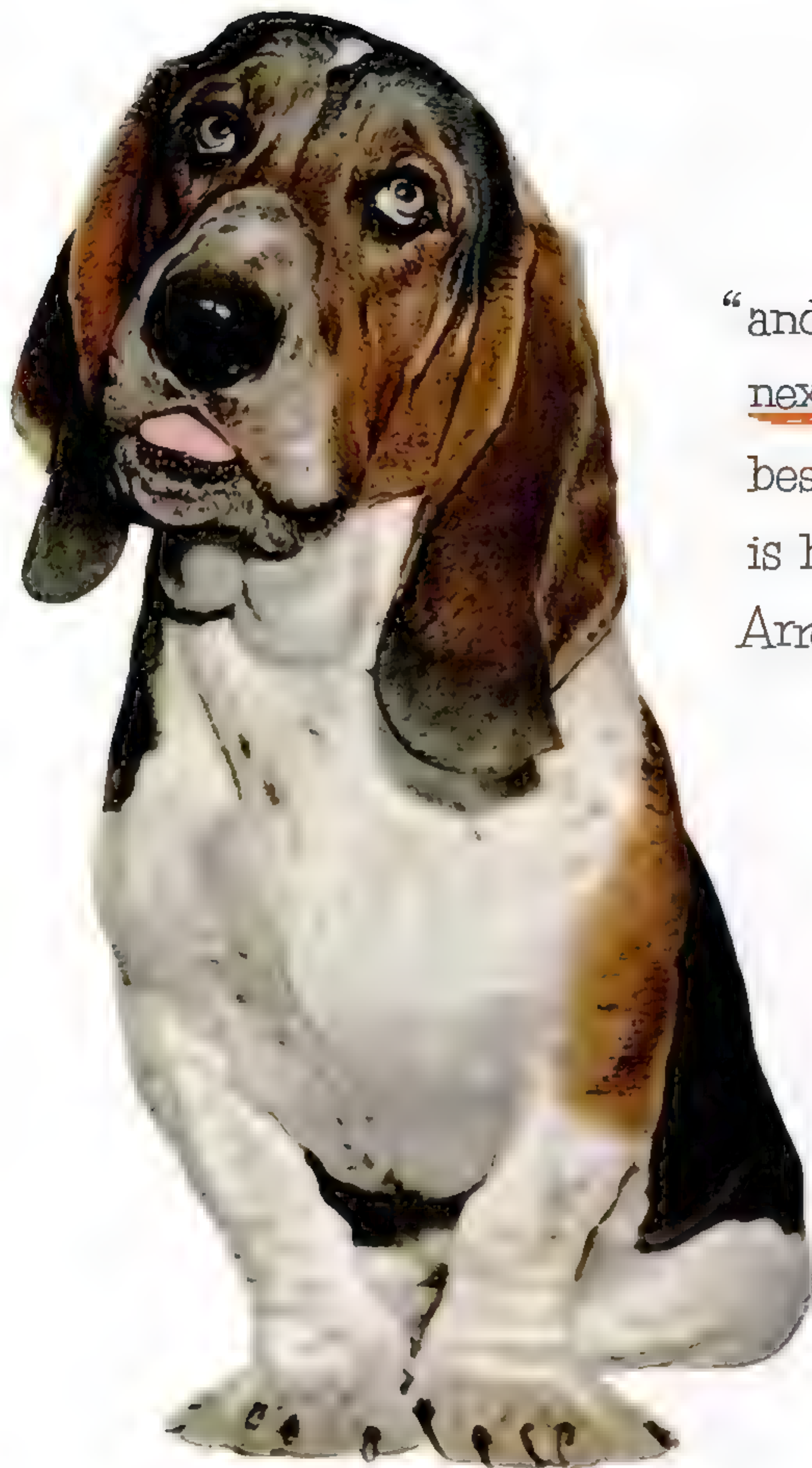
CONTINUED ON PAGE 121



For feeding a family . . . you can't beat Bisquick!

THE HOURS YOU'LL SAVE planning meals with Bisquick! Take a happy look at the circle above. Which would they love for dinner? Bisquick does 'em all (it's the 12 in 1 mix, you know . . . does 'em fast and good to eat. Because Bisquick's a basic recipe. Fine enriched flour, plenty of sweet bland shortening and all the rest . . . all measured out and blended lots more thoroughly than you'd want to take the time to do. Look up there again . . . then reach for the Bisquick. Directions for all of 'em are right on the box. You'll find out . . . for feeding a family, you can't beat Bisquick!





“and a man’s
next
best friend
is his
Arrow Shirt!”

cotton. He constructed another out of corn stalks; this one he was prepared to touch off at night from his fire, which he now had to keep burning constantly because his lighter had run out of fuel and he had no matches.

Prowling around, he made a happy find on top of a hill near his lean-to; there, on a vantage point with a view of the whole island, somebody had left a beaten-up but still comfortable old swivel chair. Tilting and swinging around on his creaking throne, Schinz smiled as he surveyed his little world. The Korean suffix "do" means "island," so Schinz announced to himself: "I will name this island Schinz-do."

He liked the swivel chair so much that he heaved it to his back and stumbled down the hill with it. But his marginal diet had weakened him more than he had realized; by the time he reached the lean-to with his heavy burden, he could hardly walk. Now he saw that he must husband his waning strength. Just the same, his diet of corn and dandelion greens seemed to taste a little better that night as he ate them in his comfortable chair.

Ten more days went by and Schinz began to despair. An occasional plane flew over him, but none reacted to his SOS. One night a B-26 came in low, and Schinz excitedly lit his cornstalk SOS. This plane too droned off. He wrote in his little diary, "A hell of a good fire, but a complete failure as an SOS." He lay on his stomach in the lean-to and sobbed.

"Home by June"

AS his corn, dandelion greens and firewood dwindled, Schinz scoured more of the island. At the other end was another settlement, bigger than the one he had been occupying. Schinz crept to within a quarter of a mile of the village, then lay on the ground, watching. There were about 15 huts scattered about in the clearing. The ground nearby had been cultivated. From where he lay he could make out cornstalks, dried-up cotton plants and a rice field. But there was no sign of life in the settlement. Schinz waited, then shouted. There was no answer; no head peeked out of any of the huts. So he stood up and walked into the village. There was nothing but old huts, dead cats, scrambling rats and an overpowering stench. Schinz moved into one of the huts, cleaned out the smelly filth, went back for his few belongings and a burning brand from his fire. He wrote in his diary: "I am going to be home by June."

By now he was beginning to look like a hermit. His hair and beard were getting long, dirty and matted; he could find nothing to cut them with. He gathered enough water for a bath, but as he lay on his back to dry, he was startled when he happened to look at his feet; he could not see his stomach at all. He put his hands about his waist, and found that his fingertips touched. He was slowly starving.

A desperate search of the bigger settlement made him feel better. While burying some of the dead cats, he uncovered a well. In a nearby field he found some bean plants and 25 bags of rice; in a hut he discovered a granite rice grinder and a sifter. After a few hours of husking and separating the rice from the chaff he had a good supply of food.

So he had a veritable banquet: rice, corn, fresh beans, onions and dandelion greens. In his diary he wrote cheerfully: "In much better spirits."

From the 16th to the 22nd day of his wait on the island, Schinz made his camp more comfortable, especially when, to his delight, he found another swivel chair. In his diary he had written: "I'm tired of you guys not seeing my SOS. I will build a new one." Near his camp he did, fashioning it with letters 45 feet long and 15 feet wide. As he sweated over it in the simmering sun, packing the cotton into balls and wedging them into shape, cuckoos flitted about and called to him. In a rage, he stood up and cuckooed back at them until they flew off. He found some half-filled oil drums near the beach, soaked some old rags with the oil and, when the next plane came over, lit them. The pilot came down closer to look at the source of the swirling black smoke, but then roared off again. Schinz wrote wearily in his diary that night: "Guess he thought I was a Korean working up a bunch of chow."

After the long, exhausting hours he had put into his SOS, a windstorm hit it and scattered one of the letters all over the island. Grimly, Schinz lugged more cotton, packed it in place and cuckooed back at the cuckoos fluttering about him. More planes came over, but none seemed to see his signal.

On the 22nd day Schinz felt unaccountably optimistic. Before breakfast he noted in his diary: "I am due to be rescued." Sure enough, while he burned his oil-soaked rags, planes swarmed all



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SPEED...



AHH, WHAT
FLAVOR!



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ATLANTA

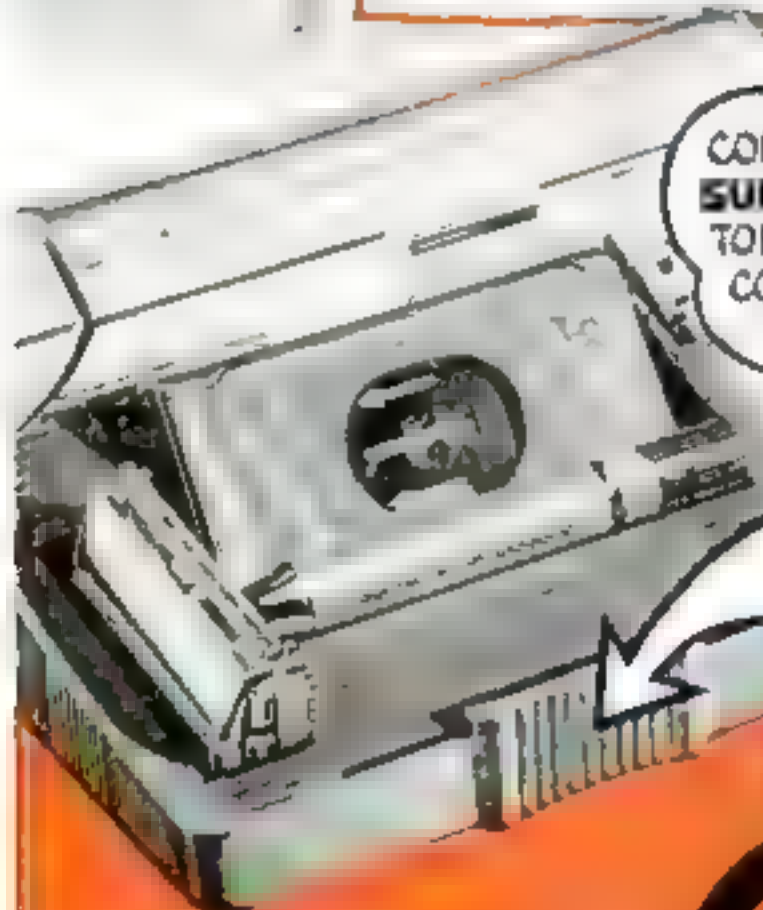
PAUL CAME BY HIS AMAZING BASEBALL KNOW-HOW THE HARD WAY. IN HIS 26 YEARS AS A PROFESSIONAL HE HAS PLAYED WITH OR MANAGED 16 CLUBS, INCLUDING FIVE IN THE MAJORS.

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AIR FORCE TO THE RESCUE: U.S. airmen watch from hatch as Schinz is paddled out from the South Korean island where the natives had taken him.

SCHINZ-DO CONTINUED

over Schinz-do. Now, Schinz thought, the helicopter will certainly come. But it did not. That night he got down on his knees and prayed; then, his forehead on the ground, he beat his fists in the dust and sobbed.

Apparently his SOS was not good enough. So Schinz decided to try a different signal. This one would be MAY DAY, the international distress call. It would be more difficult to make than a plain SOS, but somehow the Air Rescue Service had to get the idea that they had a man down on this island. After more lugging of cotton, more packing it into shape and more cuckooing back at the cuckoos, Schinz finished his sign. To save cotton and labor, it read like this:

M
D A Y
Y

Resting from his work, Schinz started thinking about his family, his 175 missions in the Pacific in World War II, his four months in Korea, his record of two MIGs damaged and half credit for one kill. But most of all he thought about meat.

He had been on the island 25 days and had had nothing to eat but rice and tasteless vegetables. Some way he had to find meat. There appeared to be one survivor of the island's former cat population, a scrawny, moth-eaten tomat that had slunk in and out of the settlement once or twice. Schinz conjured up visions of the cat, roasted deep brown and flanked by piles of French fried potatoes. Schinz decided he would go after that cat.

In bright, hungry spirits, he tested the slingshot he had made a few days before with strips of rubber from his life preserver. He selected a large handful of pebbles and set out on safari.

Feeling not a little silly as he lisped, "Here, kitty, kitty, kitty!" Schinz tramped through the brush. The cat tentatively stuck its head out of a bush. Schinz tried to ease within grabbing range; the cat took off. The prey actually seemed to be enjoying the game. It would duck around an obstacle, then stick its head around as if to make sure the pursuer was still pursuing. Schinz would try easing the slingshot into position slowly, so as not to scare the cat. The cat would wait, with an expression that looked like a sneer, then duck nimbly aside. Schinz coaxed, wheedled, swore, cried. For three days this went on, the cat bounding happily around and around him until he staggered and stumbled home to his dinner of dandelion greens.

But then another possibility presented itself. One morning two confused birds flew into Schinz's hut. They hardly had time to realize they were under a roof before Schinz had streaked across and closed the door. For 45 minutes Schinz crashed around the little hut, slamming his few pieces of furniture all over the room before he finally caught the birds. He wrapped them in a piece of cloth, took it out to his fire and left it there while he ran for a can of water. Hurrying back, he gingerly unfolded the cloth. The birds had flown.

Next morning two more birds blundered into the hut. These, when caught, were summarily executed.

The taste of bird meat, bones and all, only whetted his appetite.

Now for the first time—



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HERE it is, the refreshing romantic cocktail that's been the reigning favorite for years wherever gracious Latin Americans gather in the tropics.

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Perfectly blended of world-famous light Bacardi and specially prepared dry vermouth imported exclusively by us from Italy, Bacardi's Presidente Cocktail now comes to you ready-mixed by experts, ready for you to serve.



Try the Budget Bottle tonight!

\$2.50* 16 FULL OUNCES
*New York Times retail price
only. Slightly higher in
other markets.

STIR
with plenty
of ice

TWIST
and add an
orange peel

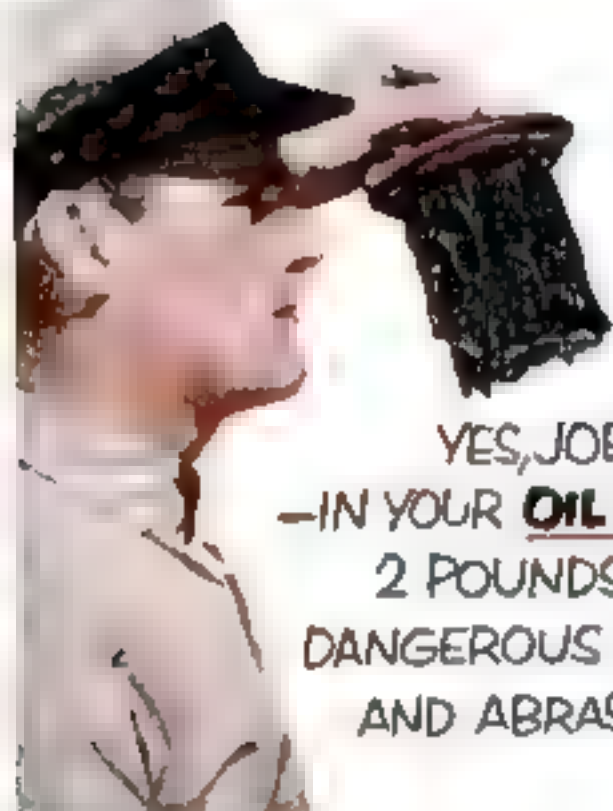


BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. ... PRESIDENTE COCKTAIL, 85 PROOF

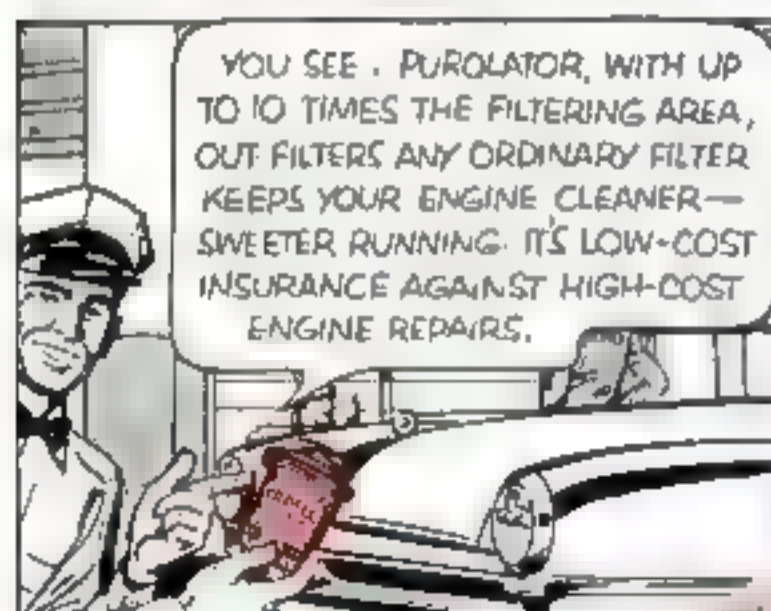
"Wha-a-a-t...
that muck
in my car?"

—says Joe E. Brown,

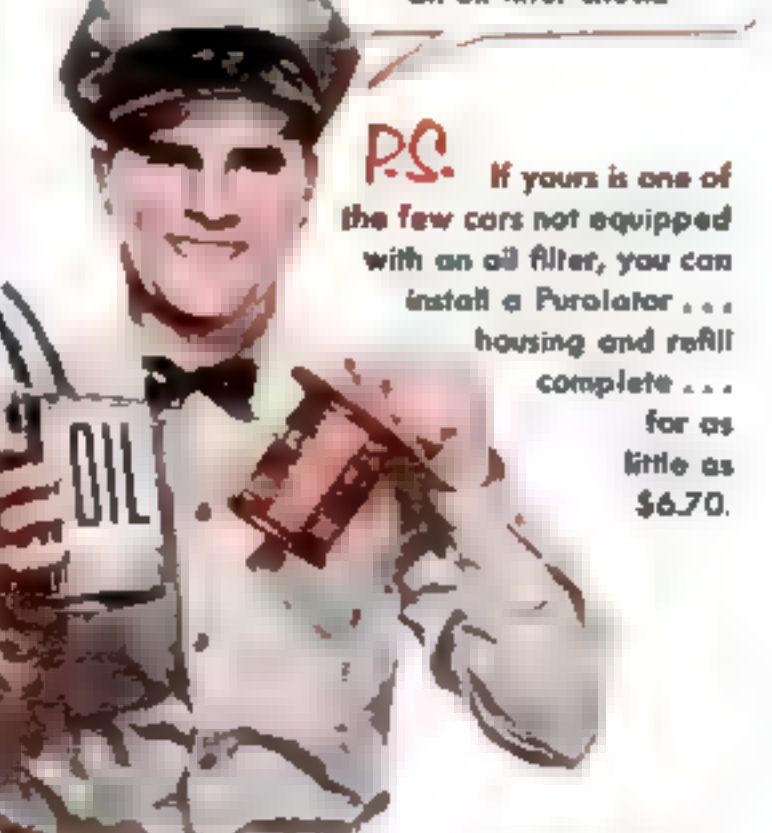
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EFFECTS OF ORDEAL are Schinz's trim waistline, chopped hair cut. With him at base is Colonel Francis Gabreski (left), top U.S. ace. In center is Colonel Joseph Mason, who was in charge of the air search for his friend Schinz.

SCHINZ-DO CONTINUED

Recalling that he had seen a few snakes on the island, he fashioned a fork out of a long, a very long, stick. Off he went, poking about in the brush and muttering over and over to himself, "Snake meat is one of the world's greatest delicacies." But snakes are even nimbler than cats. After a futile six hours of snake chasing, Schinz resigned himself to his vegetable diet.

When a baby wren fell out of its nest near his hut one day, Schinz grabbed it eagerly. The bird cocked its little head, studied Schinz with its big eyes, opened its beak and chirped. Schinz couldn't do it, not to a baby. He put it back in the nest.

The next day the baby wren fell out again, and again Schinz put it back.

On the third day the wren fell out and dropped right at his feet. Schinz looked down at the bird, then up at the sky. "Lord," he said, "I believe You want me to eat this little wren." So he did.

The last day of May, at which point Schinz had been on his island 30 days, was one of the toughest. The weather had turned bad, and Schinz had been working feverishly to get firewood under some cover. He smoked the last of his carefully hoarded cigarettes and, he noted in his diary, "went on corn silk." May 31, he also noted down, "is payday."

Six days later more planes came over Schinz-do. There were six in all, and he signaled them wildly. But apparently he made the mistake of being caught out of uniform; he was wearing an old Korean shirt he had found in one of the huts. After they had flown away he again knelt down and beat his clenched fists in the dust. In his diary he made three more entries:

"They must have mistaken me for a Korean. Can't I do anything right?"

"What in hell is wrong with the JOC (Joint Operations Center)?"

And: "Get a hold of yourself, stupid. Don't crack up."

On the 36th day he made a small discovery that meant a lot to him: a pair of broken, rusty scissors. After two hours of happy hacking, he had his beard trimmed and his hair chopped off in a rough, mangy-looking crew cut. Just to get rid of the matted mass of filthy hair made his spirits soar. That night he slept well.

It was 2:30 a.m. when he woke. A bright light shone in his eyes. He blinked, then stiffened in terror as he saw rifle barrels aimed at him. Hands grabbed him and turned him over. Then he heard voices behind the light.

They were Koreans.

Schinz tried to speak but no sound came from his throat. He turned over on his face and stuck his hands up, waiting for the wham of the rifle and the impact of the bullet. Another hand grabbed his collar, then moved to the silver eagles on his shoulder. A voice said in English, "American, American colonel. Whoopee! Whoopee!" Schinz prayed as he lay on the bed. Then another voice said, "We are friends. We help."

After Schinz had embraced each one of the natives in his delirious joy, he discovered how close he had actually been to death. They were South Koreans who had spotted his fire as they sailed by in their sampan. Believing him to be a Communist guard, they had come to kill him.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107



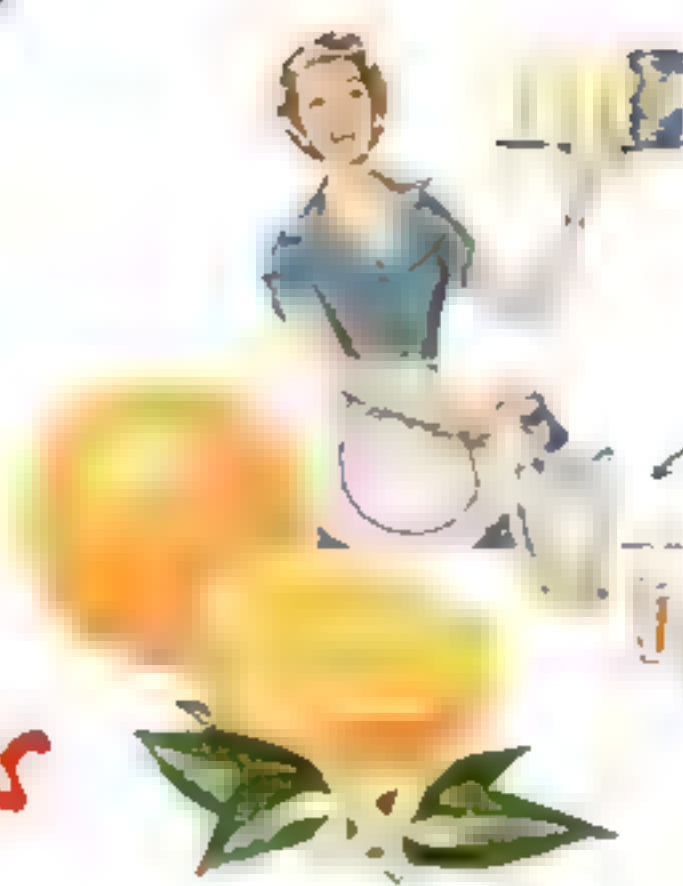
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one Vitamin your body can't store up**

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Within minutes Schinz was in the sampan with the natives. He did not bother to bring his personal possessions along. They took him to an island below the front lines, and five hours later he was flown to Air Force headquarters in South Korea. There he had an extremely illuminating conversation with the officers of the Joint Operations Center, which was in charge of the search and rescue service. Colonel Joseph Mason, the boss of JOC, was a close friend, but Schinz was blunt about the mismanagement of the search and rescue activities.

It developed that a few of the planes had indeed reported some mysterious sights on the little island. Why didn't JOC send a chopper? At first they were afraid it was all a Communist trap. But why hadn't they dropped a radio to make sure? No one had thought of that. Had they planned to do anything at all? Yes; after getting more reports and seeing photographs of the SOS and MAY DAY signals, JOC had organized a rescue party to go to the island by sea. Even now it was on its way.

Schinz did not wait around to find out if the rescue party ever got back. He was flown to a rear echelon base in Japan, where he managed to get through on an overseas telephone line to reassure his wife and children. "Where in the world have you been?" shouted his wife in a happy, wifely tone. "Me?" said Schinz, running his hand through his chopped hair. "Why, I've been playing Robinson Crusoe—without Friday."

The next most important order of business for Colonel Albert Schinz was dinner. This is what he ate:

Two large shrimp salads, including the lettuce and raw cabbage filler.

One double-sized filet mignon.

One mountainous order of French fries.

Two large salads.

Six eggs.

Two pots of coffee.

Four scoops of ice cream.

Two bananas cut up on the ice cream.

An extra-thick coating of hot chocolate that completely covered the ice cream and bananas.



HOME TO REST UP for 25 days, Schinz stands on porch of his house in Ottawa, Ill. with wife Lorayne, son Fred, 2, and daughter Penny Jeanne, 4.



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that

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PLAYERS BOWL FROM RUBBER MAT LAID ON TURF

Life Visits the Beach Park Lady Bowlers

BRITISH 'GIRLS' UNBEND IN A DIGNIFIED WAY

During most of the year the ladies of the Beach Park Club at Worthing, England live in tranquil friendship, but in the summer a quiet game called "bowls" turns them into stern competitors. Bowls has been popular with men in England since the 1200s, but only in this century have women seized the right to play on the public greens. The game is simple: each

player throws two black balls toward a smaller white ball called a "jack," and whoever comes closest scores a point. But the Beach Park ladies feel there is more to it than that. As Mrs. Ethel Ormsby (*extreme right*) explains: "You can often judge your opponent's character by the way she places her bowls. Often she will do it simply to obstruct her adversaries."



A FINGER FILLIP sends Mrs. Alice Dale's ball spinning toward the "jack." Balls are not quite round and also contain an off-center weight which permits the players

to curve them around intervening balls. The game can be played as singles, doubles or by teams of four, the latter being most common. A game is usually for 21 points.



ARMCHAIR SQUAD, including some players and some kibitzers, forms at the edge of neatly cropped playing field. The players wear white dresses and white felt

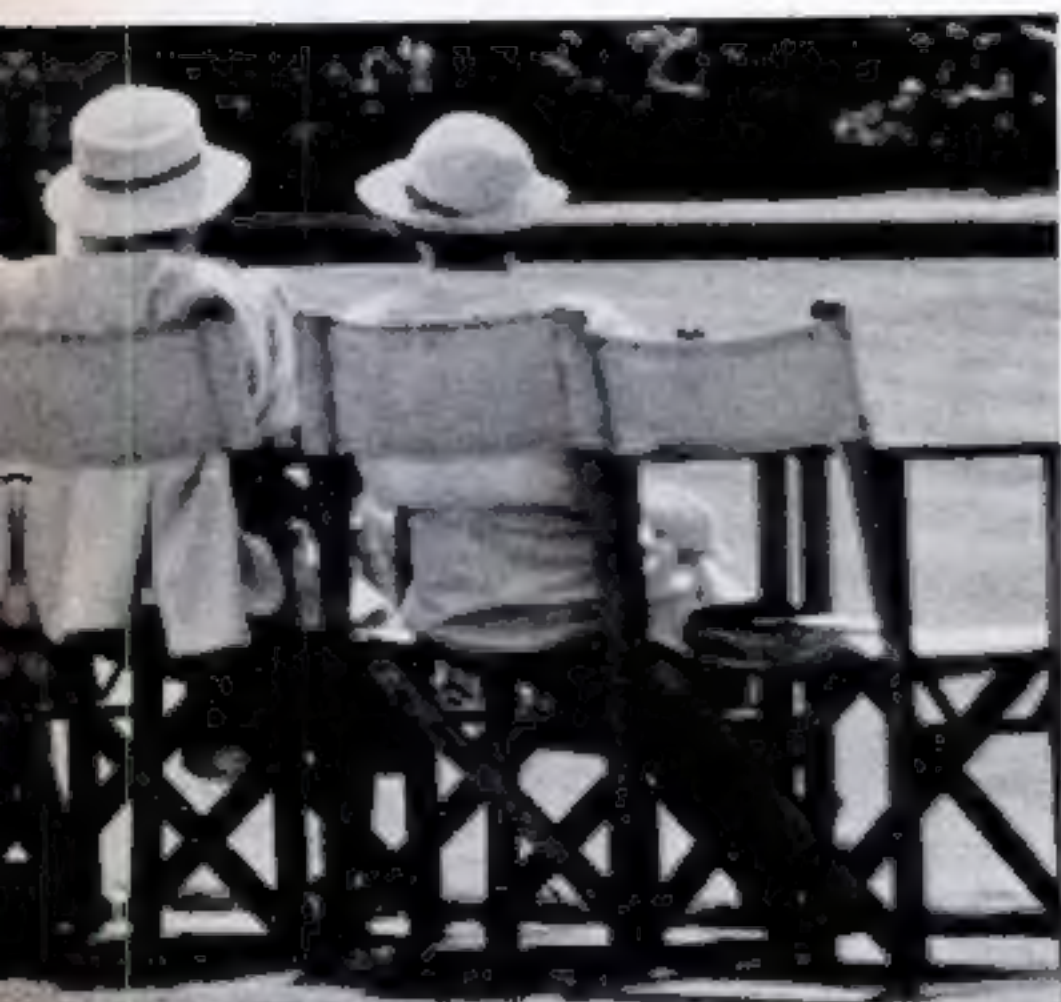
hats with club bands. Although Mrs. Alice Smith, the club president, calls them "her girls," they are mostly well-to-do matrons whose ages vary from 40 to 80.



STOLID AND SOLID, two players stand on the green waiting for signal for next ball to be thrown.



AGAPE AND AGHAST, Mrs. Ethel Ormsby wrings hands as her first ball stops wide of target.



ECSTATIC AND ELEGANT, Mrs. Ormsby goes into a pretzel twist as ball nestles up to "jack."





KING-SIZE SHADOW PICTURE

Anybody who ever whiled away a part of his youth posing fingers between a lamp and a wall can envy this outsize shadow picture. It was taken the windy night that Paris lighted up for the social season's end. The Eiffel Tower was

basking in its own lights when a searchlight (*top right*), beamed from the Palais de Chail-
lot, suddenly projected the Tower's image on a
scudding cloud. Photographer André Gandner
caught the shadow in a four-second exposure.



PHOTOGRAPH BY KASH OF OTTAWA

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